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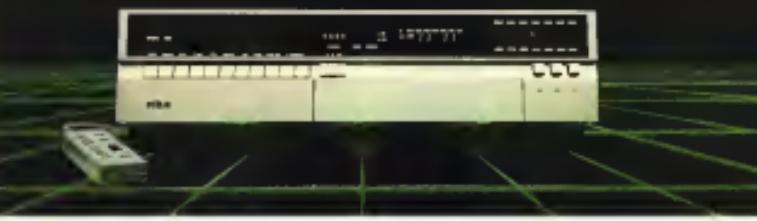
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LETTERS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MARRIAGE AND THE SINGLE MAN

YOUR DECEMBER cover story ("Looking for a Wife," by Lee Raskin) is another sign of how Ensign is changing and taking a straightforward look at the current state of male-female relationships. Women's magazines have traditionally covered the areas of dating, marriage, commitment, and love. I'm glad your magazine's editors realize that most men are looking for a companion with depth, not just a two-dimensional playmate.

Roger Easley
Springfield, Mo.

LET'S GET IT straight, guys. The sensible, capable, managerial woman has no mystery, and mystery is the prime ingredient of love. If you're out loud, I completely understand—why should I be charmed by those qualities in someone else?

Show me a woman who survives (hopes, even) on soft, feminine qualities such as compassion, and I'll show you a woman I can love.

Gregory Coan
Lawrence, Colo.

WHAT A touching, heart-wrenching portrait of modern man looking for a wife. And what a surprise to learn that the primary function of the woman of the writer's dreams is maturing and maternity. But you no longer do it in one sense. What does she use to combat the black heel marks on her kitchen floor? Surely a woman whose most endearing qualities include the ability to "keep nine kids quiet for twenty minutes" must know a great deal about floor wax, too. And what does she do about mismatch marks? And if she is in trouble in all that, why are all her friends on the patio so glib-eyed, and why don't they take care of those other kids?

No wonder Lee Ensslin can't find her. What did he fail to take into account when he supported her Therapeuticullet?

Sally O'Dwyer
New York, N.Y.

IT WAS with relief and pleasure that I read your article "Looking for a Wife." Having been a tellingly single single in New Orleans (though a man my age to twenty-eight, I can imagine that it is still much the same)

as a new thirty-one and recently married to a real and imperfect person.

I would like to pass on a few suggestions to those still out in the asexual. Everyone I know (or at least one person) I know has a list of things the one that's looking for should be like, and hoping that someone can live up to them.

It is harder to get married these days because we have such high expectations, a real fear of failure, a high value on individualism (which makes it hard to settle with another person), and a rather stupid, selfish mentality. After you're about twenty-seven it gets harder and harder to marry. There seem to be more and more things to consider—too much like buying a used car. And there seem to be more and more reasons not to do it.

Finally, I recommend that if you're interested and have reached a level of importance equal with your career or other interests, leave your commitment for a couple of years. It's obviously not working for you. Go to a place you'd always wanted to go to, and live and work there. After you have met your match, come back, as I did, and repeat all that you may and might have to offer again. That's it.

Miss, if you are single-minded, start to make a few cups of coffee, and don't go to bed with her for two to three weeks. (If she begs you (she's locked onto the bad habit, too) that alone may change your satisfaction in relationships dramatically.

Molly Hazzard-Motter
Anderson, Mass.

DOWN ON THE BAYOU

AMES CHEN: If I didn't know better, I'd swear Ensign was raised in mid-century Poitier-Ann Chêve. Sensuous Ensign is the most engaging, enterprising response I've ever seen. A big thanks for touching our big cooties hearts down here with your lavish gauze ("The Best Food in New Orleans," by Mimi Sheraton, *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*).

As a frequent photographer, I am always impressed by your liberal use of fine-art photography, and you never stop doing those beautiful shots.

Rick Olsnar
Thebedore, La.

I REPLIED to Mimi Sheraton's article, "The Best Food in New Orleans" (ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY). The photo-

graph helped to evoke the "inside" knowledge expressed by Sheraton's prose; however, an injustice was committed when the woman from *ENTERTAINMENT* was incorrectly identified as Audra Tabb. The man pictured is Steven Le Moal, who has for years personified the elegant aspect of a meal at Galatoire's.

John C. Reynolds
New Orleans, La.

THE MAJORS AND THE MINORS

WHAT IS a minor poet, anyway? John Simon ("There Are a Few of My Favorite Things," December) performs no service by listing the term at a writer's as fine as Rudolf Jacobi. It lacks the very thing Simon rightly prizes in Jacobi's criticism, that is, connoisseur. How, when, and where is a writer's workstation? Who, John Donne, for example, a major poet in Elizabethan times and a minor one only in the modern era? The term seems to grant Sand Bellon's egomaniacal Herwig plays with his daughter when he is the father, that man, who the thousand fat men, et cetera, can be the designation of critics ever be find, and in it ever helpful? Certainly one of it does consider readers from reading that which would delight and inform them.

Such was not Steven's intent, but a writer's workstation is not connoisseur and lacks a literary effect. For Simon to have considered his designation of Jacobi's workstation as though he was a good poet would have been helpful.

Bob O'Leary
Stephens, Okla.

JOHN SIMON REPLIED: A minor poet is someone who does not often perform at the top of his form and whose top form is generally not up to the task of criticism. In my case, calling Jacobi a poetry minor was not meant as a putdown, as in the poetry league (or art), rather as a label, since it was very honorable, indeed, and what some very fine poets I know have to make do with. I was merely trying to demonstrate that Jacobi's criticism is even better than his poetry.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your name and place of residence. The address: "Letters to the Editor," 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

THE BIG PICTURE

A planetary planner looks first at the way the world works, then at solutions

WHEN I met a very famous economist, I used to tour him as an authority figure who can peer into the future. I knew it does not necessarily make good sense, but it seems to make more sense than asking a quarterback what we should do about the economy.

Recently I met a very famous economist at a club dinner. The professor was properly attired in their dinner jackets, chattering urbane to one another, and in their center was a scrawny, grey-haired, very lively man telling stories in a Mel Brooks-Carl Reiner Russian accent—an accent that was real, however, and that only added to his charm. The storyteller was Wassily Leontief, and he is famous for at least two reasons. The first is that his work won a Nobel prize in 1973, and the second is that he was the teacher of men who themselves became famous economists, most notably Paul Krugman, who is now America's best-known economics textbook and who also won a Nobel prize. I asked Leontief what he liked to do best.

"I like to work," he said. "Starting in 1945." Leontief is seventy-five. "No, I am just trout fishing. I am not fishing everywhere. Conference in Scotland? I am going because they have great trout streams."

I don't find many world-famous economists who are trout fishermen.

"Ah, but you see, my family had extensive fishing with wonderful trout streams. Before the Russian Revolution, of course."

The teacher of the teachers arrived at Harvard in 1932 and taught there until 1955, now he heads New York University's Institute for Economic Analysis.

Well, now, considering Ronald Reagan and high interest rates and rising inflation all the rest of that, what did he see ahead for us?

The short-contemplating smile faded.

"Not so pleasant, not so pleasant. Will be a very tortured challenge for the United States."



REUTERS/STEPHEN EICHENBERG

Why not so pleasant? The stubborn insistence?

"Believe, you, but me, the stripes—'Stripes? You said stripes?'

"Ten stripes on cows in supermarkets that machines can read, stripes on plastic cards that bank machines can read. So cards will change, and then, if labor shrinks, more and more social distribution of wealth to make up for labor shrinkage."

I suggested to him about the stripes, because my image of Leontief is of a man who studies in very large rooms. The work for which he became famous, for which he was a Nobel prize, is input-output theory, which calculates the economic flows of an entire country. Says Leontief, now we have to extend the United States to the world. He is the teacher of Economic Analysis—body stiff for such a young man. From Washington he was a hired to come to Harvard. He said he would go only if he could have a research assistant to help put together an input-output table of the entire

a planetary planner, and I decided I must talk to him again.

Leontief's great-grandfather was a Russian peasant, the grandfather had a successful textile mill and a grand Teletzky home in Petersburg, Russia, Leontief's father moved to Leengrad and visited that house. "Belovoz was divided into small apartments." His father made "the normal transition from peasant class to intellectual class" by becoming an economics professor. Leontief remembers Leesch speaking to crowds of men at the Winter Palace, and the stay bulletins of the February Revolution. Before he graduated from the University of Leengrad in 1925 with the degree of learned economist, the new government had chased him into jail several times for his outspokenness.

Leontief went to the University of Berlin and wrote his first papers about the method of input-output, even though it was a matter. He did not go back to the Soviet Union, he stayed in Germany and launched his doctoral thesis, "The Economics as a General Flow," at the University of Kiel. His published work led the Chinese government to believe him to be a consultant, on planning for the national railroads, which he remembers as a great adventure, especially for a young man of twenty-three. "I took the slow boat first: Wonderful Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon. What I got there, I found there was no information, no data, so I got the minister to get me an airplane, and we mounted a camera on it and took pictures of the crops, trees which we could make estimates of farm production for planning the rail lines. But also at the time, I made on the floor."

Leontief escaped by bullet and returned to the United States by the New York 3500, the ship of Economic Analysis—body stiff for such a young man. From Washington he was a hired to come to Harvard. He said he would go only if he could have a research assistant to help put together an input-output table of the entire

United States. The Harvard audience were skeptical. They would hire him and give him an assistant, but only if he promised to "report to us completely on your failure." So far from failure was Leontief that by the postwar years, his project had become a training ground for a whole generation of business economists. It is surprising, then, to hear him say, "Economics do not like me." It is surprising because, as an amateur, Leontief is a technical economist, not in the techniques who are suspicious of him.

"I try to teach the way the world works, not to theorize. The most difficult and fascinating job is that the facts are not organized. Theory, everybody can do it. Transformation of facts and mathematics is a mystery: like the oasis, with its wise and blood. Economics is everybody's everyday experience. By the end of the nineteenth century, most of the facts were explained. That left two paths: start using assumptions or do real dirty work and dig up more facts. Mathematical economists use assumptions. They caused their spherical arguments he had a fundamental front of algebra signs. When I was president of the American Economic Association, I said, the king is naked."

The emperor has no clothes? Meaning the economics professor?

"King, emperor, you call him like you want."

Back to the stripes, the ones on the cows in the supermarkets.

"Yes, the stripes. Now, before, I have said, I didn't tell the profit motive; the Pareto principle, and they are not new. But that doesn't mean you have to believe the character of competition, that your argument will kill people. The essence of business activity is to work through obstacles."

The greatest problem of the time—along the stripes—is also the great opportunity. It is a bigger problem than inflation, inflation is a very location.

"Later adjusted to the first wave of technology by working less. People used to work on Saturday, now they work five days and shorter hours. But the stripes replace the grocery carts, and the stripes on the card banks replace the toffees, and everywhere machinery replaces people. So what do we do with the people? We had 'Reinhardtism,' but reinhardtism is revised, not a permanent solution."

"So what I believe will happen is that labor will become less important, and equipment more important."

But if labor is less important, then you will not go up as much as costs and dividends do. Then we would be better off closing their working, even more so now that the price of labor has risen.

"That is a good strategy for an individual. But for a country we will need more and more social distribution, more spending out of the wealth to make up for the

smaller supply of work. Now this is not so terrible, what must be planned for. We are a pioneer country, so we repeat planning. But, worse, we have agencies of the same government—labor, agriculture, commerce—ever more complicated and working at cross-purposes."

"We are sure to have more and more information—in some areas faster than in others, so people will have time to shift. But we must have planning, without loss and management working together. The consequences that we have, like Austria, will have a lower inflation rate. In Germany, in an arrangement called cost-determination, after the corporate board of directors, there will be labor and management, and after the shareholders, workers, managers trying to break the management. I don't think that is going to work."

"Douglas Frantz, head of the United Auto Workers in the Chrysler board, because Chrysler is in trouble. When he is on the General Motors board, what is new is something. Business and labor together are the only hope to control inflation."

We already have a king in our society that says that owning is better than renting, and if we hold to it in business as well as in housing, then the gap between the owners and the workers is going to be even greater.

As individuals, we want to be on the right side of the trend described by Leontief, then we will have enough (unaffordable) profit to own something, and something that is productive, especially it—society—it needs to live.

DURING THE Seventies, Leontief worked on a daunting task: an input-output matrix for the whole world. "A national input-output table," he wrote, "describes the web of technologically determined inter-industry relations that constitute the economic fabric of a country. Naturally many of the threads of the fabric (the quantities of goods produced or the services provided) cross geographic borders and are woven into the fabric of another country, but until recently such threads had always been left hanging loose." To tie the loose threads together he devised the world's first geographic regions, each described by its own input-output table, and then linked these tables by a network of international commodity flows.

The world was partitioned in 1977, in *The Picture of the World Economy*. Even though the development of the technologically advanced countries will slow down as the future, the difference in income will widen like this: "the rich countries and some of the poor countries will get richer. Even though they are poorer to begin with, the technologically advanced of the world will get, relatively, still poorer. By

the year 2000, some may even face an absolute decline in their standard of living. If the needs of the poorer countries are measured against those countries' ability to pay, they won't make it. The projections say they will be able to pay for only a quarter of their needs on a current basis, the rest would have to come on credit. In order to supply that capital, the developed nations would have to come up with a percent of their gross national products, which they don't do to do."

Is there a way around the problem? The good old Leontief has one: If the world could cut its arms spending—\$450 billion a year—by 1985, and by 60 percent by the year 2000, the gap between the developed and the underdeveloped would begin to narrow. The figures would work out at a more comfortable level: the savings from the arms cuts would go to satisfy domestic civilian needs and then to aid the developing nations, then the poorer regions could arm the rest of the world and all could prosper.

Is it really feasible to talk about arms reduction when recently elected American politicians have promised to build up the military? In the long run, Leontief thinks, it is. He claims it has an input-output method to arms control. Another SALT treaty, he says, is not the answer because restricting one kind of arms can encourage spending on other kinds, engineers can design a weapon that circumvents the agreement.

But if across-the-board spending limits were applied, both the Russians and the Americans would benefit. The United States and the U.S.S.R. have been threatening each other with mutual destruction since 1945. With data from Leontief's tables, he interpreted from the input-output method can be used for mutual exchange. "Leontief's tables with models of factories and roads and farms, but covered with sand," he says. "Even if only a bit of sand is blown away, you can tell what is on the whole table by input-output relations."

The advantages to us would be that we would not have the inflationary pressure of arms spending, we would have money to spend on our cities, our roads, and our railroads. We would also be able to increase aid to the developing nations. The Third World would profit from its own arms disengagement and disarmament aid. And the Russians, who have been considering arms sales to the U.S.S.R.—the repository of control. An American could spend the money there. Leontief, Russia, and herself, thanks her former colleagues might accept the idea, especially if it is a way that it sounds technical now. But we do have arranged to make a radio interview with Leontief, who explained gave him \$1,400, provided he report back the details of his findings.

ADAM SMITH is a researcher at The Money Game, Supermoney, and Powers of Mind.



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COMMONER THAN THOU

Mourning and bewailing for the simple life

STUDS TERKEL has become America's favorite harpooner philosopher. When he turns up on radio and television talk shows to trot out a few treasured anecdotes, you can almost hear the clatter of glasses and laughter in the background, the *jeer-jong!* of a distant pabst machine. Terkel has built an impressive career as informal charr. He hosts a weekday radio talk show in Chicago that is broadcast nationally, and he is the author of five volumes of oral reminiscences, the most recent *American Dreams Lost and Found* (Pantheon, \$14.95). In the film, *Terkel* is affable, boyishly impudent; you can't help liking the old dog spotters. And he has recently performed his volume on the Depression, *Hard Times*, of late have sprung up humor, insight, and poignancy. Abstaining for a simpler, safer life is the joke that runs like an exposed nerve through Terkel's pages. Saki tova! He's sold into Saks's beer as he lassos, lassos, lassos, and it's because Studs Terkel hears America singing loud sobbing and bawling that a reviewer in *The New York Times* recently laughed him out. *Walt Whitman*.

A bit thick, that. Really, now the swell and extravagance of Whitman's poetry ride on the curve of the stratosphere compared with the sprawling garrulosity of Terkel's thick books. Terkel's work can't even be placed on the same shelf with a *Death of a Salesman* or a *History of the World* by H. R. Haldeman. Ryden's 1969 study of him as a rural English countryman is small in scope, artfully shaped, evocative, accurate, the farmers and tradespeople he interviews speak with a wistful, like eloquence. With a few notable exceptions, Terkel's subjects dress and measure and sound opinion thoughtlessly like hucksters. In an *initial* review of *American Dreams*, published in *The Washington Post's Sunday* book supplement, Helen Roskin observed, "As in his previous books, Terkel is for the most part not there." That means



that there is no one shown questioning or contesting the way in which a thing is in, not one placing it into a context or reflecting on what it means. ... There is no genuine people talk about their fathers, talents, jobs, problems, successes, childhood, hobbies." On radio and TV, as *Guests* notes, such chatter passes automatically; but on the printed page, all this becomes talk that you can't ignore.

Yet another, greater, audience, grataude, sprays into the air like water from a hose nozzle, small bubbles rippling in the mist. Grataude is a participant in Terkel's benevolence and refusal to give in to cynicism and despair. But it's more than that. Studs Terkel has become the keeper of the flame for the *Common Man*. At a time when economists chase one another around by the tail, politicians lurch from position to position like sailors on a storm-tossed ship, and TV evangelists act

as if God's archangels were perched on their shoulders, along comes Terkel to reassess that all across America—in Laundromats, drying laundry—there are still roads that custom-ran hand trucks of wisdom. Though his audiences find their way to Terkel's microphone (Joan Crawford and Arnold Schwarzenegger appear in *American Dreams*), his specialty is drawing out the feelings and memories of what he calls "non-elitist people." Non-elitist people, another way of referring to the man in the street, the average taxpayer, the street kid, the jazzman, the Deaf, the homeless American. These non-elitist people, as were the residents of James T. Farrell's *Neighborhood*, first name comes from Studs Terkel and the awe-struck titans James Stewart and Gary Cooper played in *Frank Capra's* *It's a Wonderful Life*.

Perhaps the representative Common Man of our time is Willy Loman, in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, who shuffles under the weight of time and mortality on his shoulders. As drama teachers are fond of pointing out, Loman's name signifies that he is a lone cog—not a broad king or a prince ranked with doubt but an inconspicuous figure who nevertheless attains tragic status. (Or is it the drama teachers who have us to believe, Willy's Price? For teachers and administrators relate that when he was a salesman, they made a training film that presented the salesmen's response to *Death of a Salesman*. According to this film, Loman's problem wasn't love or oilfield solidarity but the fact that he didn't believe in his product. Others have suggested that the market was too tough to crack. Like the man said, "That New England territory never was any good.")

In a curious way, Miller's *Death of a Salesman* seems to be the call to Terkel's coast. As this column prepares to press, two of Miller's plays—*The Price* and *The Crucible*—

*There's a lot more to being a father
than just having a son.*

JACK LEMMON
ROBBY BENSON
LEE REMICK
TRIBUTE

LAWRENCE TURMAN and DAVID FOSTER present

JOEL B. MICHAELS, GARTH H. DRABINSKY Producers BOB CLARK Director

"TRIBUTE" Starring JOHN MARLEY KIM CATTRALL GALE GARNETT

and **COLLEEN DEWHURST**

Screenplay by BERNARD SLADE Based on his Stage Play Produced on the Stage by MORTON GOTTLIEB

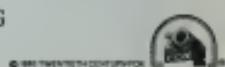
Executive Producers THE TURMAN-FOSTER COMPANY and RICHARD S. BRIGHT

Produced by JOEL B. MICHAELS and GARTH H. DRABINSKY Directed by BOB CLARK

"We Still Have Time" Song by BARRY MANILOW Words and Music by BARRY MANILOW,

JACK FELDMAN and BRUCE SUSSMAN Music by KEN WANNBERG

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED FOR
Some Material May Not Be Suitable for Children



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Equine

THIS is a war of words and definitions. It will be fought to the death in this decade. Those who call themselves pro-life see the carnage in fetuses. Those who call themselves pro-choice see the carnage in women. For one fierce man, the enemy is everywhere. The war is his.

Bill Baird's Holy War

AS
IN A DREAM,
BILL BAIRD
SITS IN THE
BACK OF
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TO SPEAK. THE
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ALL AROUND
HIM, PEOPLE
ON HIS OWN
SIDE ARE
THROWING
WIDE THE
GATES

by Andy Merton

It is not a disease. The National Organization for Normans the television cameras. "This baby was made dead two days ago," they cry.

Elmer Snell, near town, calls it an isolated incident. (Caroline Grimes, then president of the National Right to Life Committee, will later say that she fully supported the decision.) In the hill, women are selling and showing at one another. Baird is seated on the front. He knows that had he been seated on the front, he would have physically stopped the women from showing their bodies to the television cameras. Or he would have snatched the front from their hands.

In this mood, he leaves the meeting. He goes to a hotel and makes a routine check-in call to his shooting center in Bakersfield, Long Island. The waking-dream confirms: "The chase does not stop."

He calls another cardiac, nilfentanil. It's told "The center in Houston had just been found."

“It seems to me that the question is, what is he? what is he in thinking. What is he doing? what is he not doing?”

After the first news was received, the *Advertiser* was soon converted, it is believed, to a resolution concerning abortion. Sixty in the back of the hall, which was in the afternoon of June 16, 1895, the leaders of brown and with the faculty of these women carrying a petition published rates located

Andy Meltzer, who teaches journalism at the University of New Hampshire, is writing a book about the right-to-life movement for the Beacon Press.

kit, when center staff members recognized some of the anti-abortion demonstrators who frequently visited the building. Barker didn't consider any of the visiting women anti-abortionists.

Moore was killed. The only injury was to the assassin himself, who suffered minor burns on his hands. The center was destroyed.

No representative of any pro-choice group—so one from NORW, some from the National Abortion Federation, no one from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)—showed up at the trial of Peter Baird. And this is what has Bill Baird most of all.

But it should not have been that way. In the struggle over who should control women's bodies, Baird is a lone warrior, almost as much at odds with the people who should be allies as he is with the right-to-lifers.

Women in the movement have always been suspicious of Baird's motives. In her book *Going to the Fox*, Robin Morgan wrote, "Baird turned out to be one of the most male-supremacist men around, despite his years of having fought for legal abortion and contraceptives. [He]s frequently support those measures for the hope that sterilizations and more easily available birth control will make women come across better and more often—a very different reason from that of women's support in the '60s, obviously." Even women who don't suspect that Baird is a male-supremacist getting bad numbers why he does what he does are suspicious. But I have to add that when I asked Baird if he had any relatives involved in the ACLU, and when we were for Public Interest Public Relations, whoa. "Why is Baird so hell-bent for war on that particular issue?" There is no question: we need lots of people—the laicite fringe, the straight middle, the ranks. But I have trouble figuring out what Baird's motivation is.

At least part of the answer appears to be that, since the age of nine, Bill Baird has been heartless.

He was born on June 28, 1932, to immigrant parents—his father from Glasgow, his mother from Kempten in East Prussia. He grew up poor, in Brooklyn and on Long Island. The father was away much of the time, and although Bill had two brothers, eleven years and a man's older, the family members he spent the most time with were his mother, Olga, his sister, Louise, these years his son, and younger sister, Myra. His mother told him always to stand up for those less able than himself, and apparently

he took her seriously. He remembers, at age nine, watching a car burn in a lot. Some boys started taunting the driver. "I went over and helped them up," Baird said. "I didn't do it in those days when you didn't like what someone was doing."

He sigue. Myra recalls Baird bringing home cookies for her: "In school they gave cookies to kids who ate spaghetti at day I wasn't in school yet, so he did it for me. Without asking." The three of them—Olga, Myra, and Baird himself—recall that he was always a good, decent lad. "I sang in the church choir for eight years," he says.

"When I was a teenager I worked for the Ideal Toy Company in Queens—we made plastic Jesusess. I was always picking them up off the floor; Jesus shouldn't be on the floor, I thought."

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Baird and his older sister, Louise, were extremely close. In 1961, when he was nine and she was twelve, Louise had a sudden attack of strep throat; the doctor told her it was the onset of rheumatic fever. Later that day her appendix ruptured. She was hospitalized for a month and seemed to be recovering. Baird remembers standing on the street outside her window as she walked and waved to him. According to Myra, "The day before Louise was to come home there was a wild electrical storm. In the middle of it a policeman came up to our house and said, 'Bill, we've got to get Louise,' he ordered. 'She's in labor.' She died of cerebral edema. He never got over it. He would afterward, Bill and Myra would go into the cellar and cry together. 'Bill' was deeply affected by the other depression of being helpless."

"THEY can't handle a man who is ahead of them on the issue," says Baird of women who call him a chauvinist. He says, "I grieve that the people on my side don't have the courage to fight this war."

Bill Baird has often used the word *caveman* when referring to the National Right to Life, the National Abortion Rights Action (NARAL), the National Abortion Federation of which he is a member, and other organizations he considers too slow, too timid, too willing to compromise. He thinks, for example, that the American Civil Liberties Union—and particularly its Massachusetts branch, the

National League of Women Voters (CLW)—takes an overly cautious approach to women's choices in reproductive issues. (CLW attorney John Ronan diplomatically acknowledged to *EW* that "different organizations practice tactics.") Baird is also disgusted by various pro-Catholic religious leaders "who should get outraged that they are called leaders by the Catholic leadership because they support a woman's right to abortion." And he has often battled with various factions of the women's movement. During the early 1970s he was frequently excluded from rallies for more liberal abortion and birth-control laws simply because he was a man. He has been called a chauvinist, and he responds, "These women take the position that all men are their oppressors, and they can't handle a man who's ahead of them on the issue." He sums up, "I grieve that the people on my side don't have the courage to fight this war."

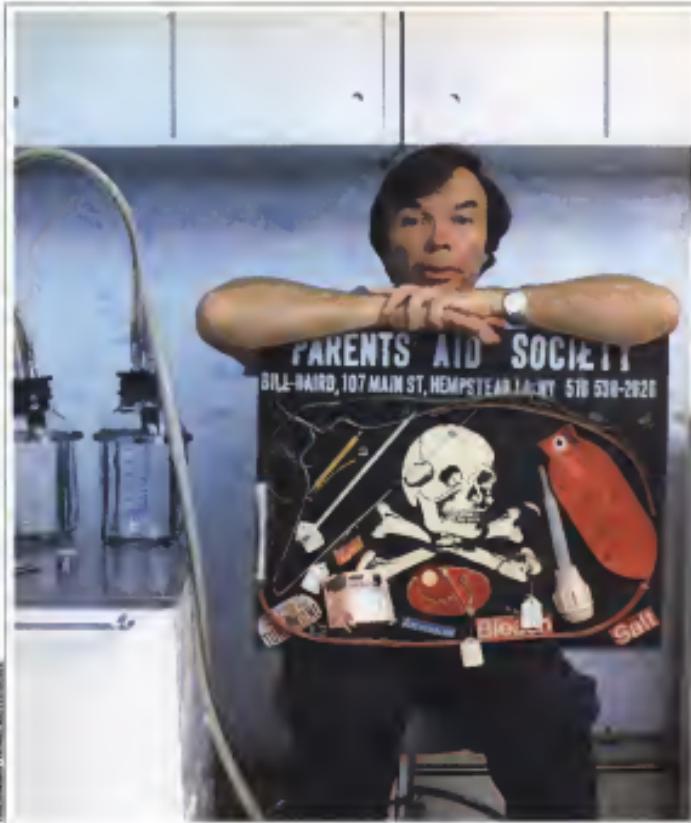
He says he's strategic, yet he wonders why he succeeds in his early chapters, why these are no law plaques on the wall, why Planned Parenthood has never honored him at its annual dinner.

He does have credentials. In 1961, when he was an employee of Enka, a manufacturer of contraceptives, he was attacking birth-control devices in the Senate and Senate he drove a few thousand poor neighborhoods in New York, stopping door-to-door and talking about birth control.

In 1965, he was involved in advocating contraceptive use in defiance of a New Jersey law. He was also arrested and jailed in New York, but charges were dropped when the New York legislature liberalized its birth-control laws.

His challenges to restrictive laws in Massachusetts have been well-documented.

In 1987, only doctors could legally distribute birth-control devices or even information about birth control in Massachusetts—and only to married couples. On April 6 of that year, Baird stood on stage before two thousand Boston University students and gave a lecture about birth control. Then he gave a can of spermicide foam to an unmarried nineteen-year-old girl.



AT HIS HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, ABORTION CENTER, WHICH WAS FINE-BONDED TWO YEARS AGO, BILL SAYS MYRA, A BOARD DISPLAYING THE PARAPHELINE OF ILLEGAL ABORTIONS, WHICH CONSISTED OF ABORTION SALTS, A TURKEY BASTER,

was hypocritically profiting from thousands of such illegal sales. There was a section of the law prohibiting the distribution of information about birth control. He argued that if we were to take it at face value, the Bibles should be banned in Massachusetts. He cited Genesis 20:19: "And when I have seed the seed should not be in me, and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he smote it on the ground, lest that it should give seed to his brother."

Baird was convicted of violating the Massachusetts law, and in 1973 he spent thirty days in the Boston City Jail. But in 1972, in a case known as *Baird v. Eisenstadt*, the United States Supreme Court overruled the Massachusetts birth-control conviction along with restrictive birth-control laws in twenty-six states. Justice William Brennan wrote: "If the right of privacy encompasses anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from uninvited government intrusion into matters as fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child."

In 1973, when the Supreme Court overruled Baird's birth-control conviction, it cited the *Roe v. Wade* decision as precedent. Another case would wait two national impacts in 1976, when the Supreme Court overruled a Massachusetts law that had required women to obtain the written consent of both parents before undergoing abortion.

In 1965 Baird established the first birth-control-abortion center at the corner, in Hennepin, today the Parents' Aid Society runs three nonprofit centers, which provide counseling and birth-control services to thirty thousand patients a year and which, among them, perform more than ten thousand abortions a year. Baird is now a layman director of the center but will not discuss the amount. "When the page tells you her salary, I'll tell you," he says. Then he notes carefully that his war with the Church in values only in hierarchy, not as parsons. "Two of the old ladies who come to my centers for abortions are Catholic. In fact, we have aborted three nuns," he adds. "That statement has been repeated out of every TV show I've done. I'd had some priests are alcoholics or mentally ill, but would have never heard that if I had a priest on my committee."

Baird is a street fighter, a lone gun, a rebel who sees the world in a battleground

for women's rights and who doesn't understand why she's dead." Baird views Henn as a workaholic. He is on the road most of the time. His wife, Sue, and the five children are in a rural New England community. Baird goes home to them once or twice a month. Yet he is a devoted family man. His cult-hammering every day, and healing, searching, caring—

concerns need to keep people out. The work is tiring. A couple of years ago Francis Beyea, then an employee of the American Civil Liberties Union, was on a swing through Henn, lobbying against the symposium of laws restricting abortions. One morning she was a guest on a *San Antonio* talk show. An old woman called and said, "Well, I just don't think they should do it." Exactly, what she said was about all one word.

"Do what?" said Beyea.

"They shouldn't be able to do it, and if they do, they should they should pay."

"Sexual intercourse?"

"Yes."

People were always asking me, reading *Southern* to her over the air in Cheyenne, Wyoming, she would say that his much more in support of abortion than in person. "We need to just shut 'em up."

She decided to put out of the branches use she also had gotten a call from a woman in Tennessee. Someone in the Tennessee legislature had introduced a bill requiring mandatory sterilization, and this woman wouldn't hear best to go about fighting it. "Contraceptives spending money thinking about America, for females," says Beyea.

"It's heartbreaking. There is nobody in the movement who thinks abortion is the best thing since frozen peas. It is not a happy topic. It's not a pleasant thing."

And Judy

Norquist, a principal

author of the women's

health manual *Our*

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"Do what?" said Beyea.

"They shouldn't be able to do it, and if they do, they should they should pay."

"Sexual intercourse?"

"Yes."

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She decided to put out of the branches use she also had gotten a call from a woman in Tennessee. Someone in the Tennessee legislature had introduced a bill requiring mandatory sterilization, and this woman wouldn't hear best to go about fighting it. "Contraceptives spending money thinking about America, for females," says Beyea.

"It's heartbreaking. There is nobody in the movement who thinks abortion is the best thing since frozen peas. It is not a happy topic. It's not a pleasant thing."

And Judy

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days earlier. " [Hibner] Cardinal Medina, whose views on abortion are nearly as well known as Baird's, had proclaimed December 20 'the thirteenth Sunday' and Baird was not having any of it. He characterized the Cardinal as 'a public enemy' and one of the 'rights of women,' which seemed a bit much and argued with North End residents who not only disagreed with him but were too happy to have him in their neighborhood disrupting what was meant to be a quiet, condominium-style area."

White continued: "Once again Baird showed he had a certain disregard for risking people the wrong way. It's amazing. Baird has sold everything he stands for and given his credit for all the good things he has done, still, there is something moderately off-putting about him."

One prominent New York City feminist who follows Baird's career thinks she knows what that off-putting something is:

"In all of his pronouncements he comes across as the first-person singular all the time—more than anyone I can think of."

In fact, Baird does not seem to be able to distinguish between the effect of the first-person singular and that of the third-person singular. That might well reflect on him, but it also reflects the way Baird says things himself. For example:

"We researched it through the years. There is nobody who has done as much to change the laws on contraception and abortion as I have. Nobody. I personally have saved the lives of thousands of women who would have died at the hands of quacks if the laws had not changed."

"Margaret Sanger had the same kind of hatred as I do. But Margaret Sanger did not from New York to England to avoid a jail sentence. I was in Hawaii when I was announced to join Massachusetts. But I came back. Call it what you will."

Some call it a martyr complex. Baird says of his thirty-day stay in the Charles Street jail: "It was as if they had hung me on my thumbs. The cell was cold. The mattress was thin. There were mice in the cells, and rats. I picked bugs out of my food. I couldn't eat the food. I was given one hundred seventy-five pounds to use the hundred forty-five."

Hopetoun says: "You should be writing a story using 'You Bill Baird, have tried the people of this state...'" He was in Massachusetts at the time.

BAIRD is bitter.

"I've got people on the other side wishing for my death, and

I'm an appendage in the eyes of the women's movement. They know the good I do—and yet I'm a male. It is vaginal politics at its worst."

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The death threat Baird receives is usually anonymous. None of the leaders of the right-to-life movement has gone so far as advocating his extermination. But the anti-abortionists are not fond of him. At the National Right to Life Convention in Anaheim, California, last June, Congressman Henry Hyde, the Illinois Republican who sponsored legislation prohibiting Medicaid funding for abortions, brought charges when he had to turn 6 down Baird's request for a debate. "These are three people in the world I would not debate," said Hyde.

"Charles Menken, Richard Speck, and Bill Baird." The did not expect Baird to respond to that, but when Menken is peaking outside the convention hall refused to allow Baird to sit on the platform. Baird became enraged.

He had flown three thousand miles, and now these "sexist pigs" were denying him a platform.

This is not the kind of stuff we want from our heroes. Whatever happened to quotes like "I owe it all to Margaret Sanger..."? Baird was childhood skinned by the Lance Berger, who were a couple and also claimed recognition as a passionately dedicated couple. After Baird left, Berger said: "I am the greatest." All did.

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BAIRD is bitter.

"I shouldn't have to say all that stuff again," he says. "But I've got people on the other side wishing for my death, and that I can say about some of the pro-abortionists over there is that they treat me with benign neglect. I'm an appendage in the eyes of the women's movement. They know the good I do—and yet I'm a male," Baird declares. "It is vaginal politics at its worst."

Leanne Schair, a public-relations consultant whose career client is Baird, notes that at those early days of the movement, "the philosophy was, 'We've got to do it right, and we've got to do it right now.' After that, there was—and still is—I fear that Baird would take over any meeting at which he was allowed to participate." Attorney Marjorie Pitta Marone, who argued a 1973 abortion case before the Supreme Court and who was president of the National Abortion Rights Action League from 1977 to 1979, says she often argued with NARAL members who thought Baird would "disrupt meetings" if he were invited to attend. "They wouldn't include him on the programs and didn't want speakers to give workshops," she says.

"It was not so much that he was a man; we were men on our executive committee. It was more a matter of his personality," Marone says. "I great-
ful Baird as a hero. He is entitled to that kind of credit for the sacrifices he has made. But he is a universities a linear. He doesn't play into the network." And earlier Judy Norsigian says, "The work is invaluable. But given who he is, nobody should have to work with him."

There was always something antagonistic about him. He was teaching Sunday school by the time he was eighteen. "I brought a brother in her," Whichis, of course, a common male trait—and usually ends with the greatest desire of leaving herself up as a reward. With Baird, however, a simple touch-up is sufficient. "When I first opened the center in Philadelphia, women used to come in and undress; they figured they had to sleep with

one day tried to reform her." Whichis, of course, a common male trait—and usually ends with the greatest desire of leaving herself up as a reward. With Baird, however, a simple touch-up is sufficient. "When I first opened the center in Philadelphia, women used to come in and undress; they figured they had to sleep with

me first." It was downright embarrassing, but that's what you expect.

It is January. A wet winter night. Baird sits behind a desk in an upstairs office at the Hemphill Center. Across from him sits a woman who speaks with a British accent in a pale, high-lying voice. She is, however, black. She came from London to western Massachusetts seven months ago. She says that she has been living with her brother and that she has been raped by her brother's friend. She is twenty-six weeks pregnant. Doctor is sympathetic, minded of a woman's rights, but she has been refused to abort her although the law allows them to do up to twenty-four weeks. She wants to see her to Baird, who will arrange for the abortion to be performed the following day in a Long Island hospital. (Centers usually perform abortions only through the first twelve weeks of pregnancy.)

Baird asks the woman whether her brother knows about the trip. No, she says, only a friend, Helen...

Baird doesn't think you should go to the police?"

Woman: "Yes. But I'm scared of him. He's bad. He's a wolf in sheep's clothing. He dresses fine. I think he deals in cocaine. I've seen him selling narcotics. He says if I talk, he'll kill me. He carries a gun."

Baird leaves the room. The woman says that abortion or no abortion, there will be no baby; she would kill herself rather than carry it to term. "An abortion, I think, is like a cancer in me, or some terminal disease. It is dirty. It has been with me from birth and later. I've got no got of it. I can't think of anything beyond getting rid of this."

She is quiet for a moment. Then she grooves toward the door through which Baird has exited. "He's a really human person. He is the kindest person I've seen in the United States. He is the only one who has done something, not just talked."

Later, Baird says, "She has no money, of course. And this abortion will cost five hundred dollars because of the hospitalization. She has promised to pay me back eventually. But she won't, not I don't like most of them. It's such an unpleasant thing in their lives that they just want to get it over with, part it behind them."

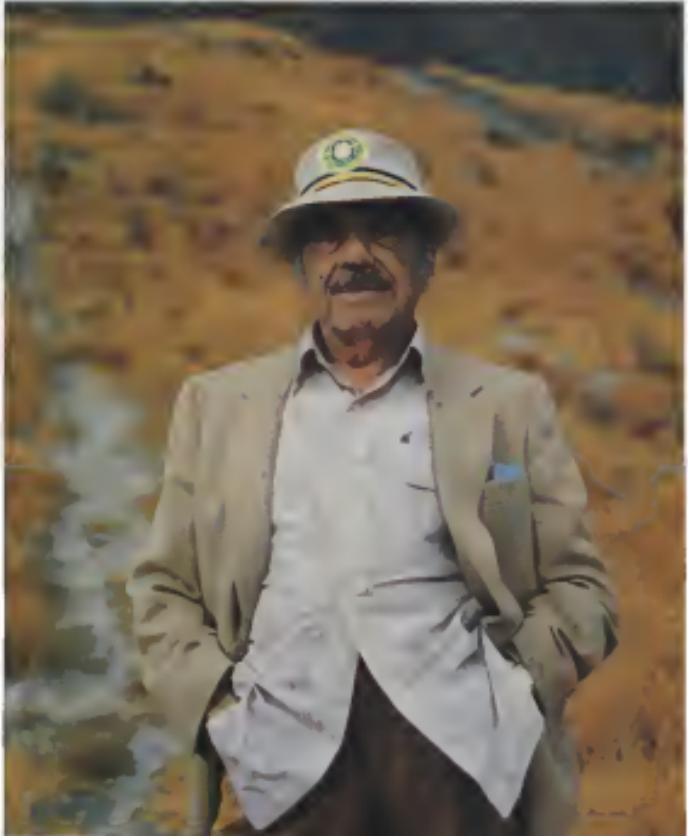
He talks for a while of nothing. "We've all got a breaking point, and I think I've seen mine. He would like to do some fading, write a book, perhaps get into some commercial work. I'm not sure. I'm close to come along to take over what he's doing. I'd be of little use to him. He's been taking this way for at least five years now. That's me done. Although it is late, Baird picks up the telephone, calls the hospital, and arranges to have the Elizabethan woman admitted in the morning.

The Weapons of the War

During the 1980s the focus of the abortion struggle will be on the attempt of right-to-life groups to push through a constitutional amendment outlawing abortion—a so-called *pro-life* amendment. This application is misleading, according to supporters of legal abortion, since many Protestant and Jewish theologies permit abortion under a wide variety of circumstances. A *pro-life* amendment, as used by the United Methodist Church at 1976, for example, says that the decision of whether or not to give birth must take into consideration "acceptance of responsibility to provide for [the child's] material, physical, and spiritual growth, as well as consideration of the probable effect on quality of life for family and society...," and that "the path of maturing Christian judgment may frustrate the admirability of abortion."

The pro-choice movement, though it had won a significant victory in January 1980, when a federal judge ruled that the so-called Hyde Amendment, which prohibited the use of federal Medicaid funds to pay for abortions, was unconstitutional. But in July the Supreme Court overturned that decision in a 5-to-4 vote. In one case, the new Congress is unlikely to oppose any funds for any abortion whatsoever. Many prominent pro-choice legislators were defeated last November, including Senators Birch Bayh, John C. Edwards, George McGovern, Gordie Nelson, and Jacob Javits, all of whom were replaced by men who are opposed to abortion altogether. Indeed, both sides agree that the battleground has shifted. The right-to-life movement has won its fight against federal funding of abortion and is now poised to launch an all-out drive for a constitutional amendment outlawing all abortion. On November 5, 1980, the day after the election, National Abortion Rights Action League lobbyist Steven Lowry acknowledged, "Legal abortion is great jeopardy in this country at this time."

—A.M.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DALE KATZ

Frank Capra at eighty-three, photographed in the desert near his home in southern California. A legendary filmmaker, he has made films in more than twenty years.

The Patriotism of Frank Capra

Because he wanted Americans to guard their liberties, forty years ago he dared to make a Hollywood film that showed corruption reaching into the United States Senate itself.

Today, at eighty-three, he still believes that patriotism is defined not by flag-waving but by the genuine love of a free republic

by Walter Karp

In the year 1939, a patriotic filmmaker named Frank Capra made a fine satiric film called *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, about a wide-eyed idealist turned honest in the Senate. The odd thing about the movie was the remarkable upsurge it produced in this country. Ordinary Americans loved it; official Washington turned long with rage. *Mr. Smith* had in fact done something extraordinary back then as in 1939. They had demonstrated a truth that gets harder to convey with each passing year—that the patriotism of the flag waver, of the schoolmarm, and of the rest of us officiates, is not the only kind that can make Americans stand up and cheer. There is another kind, and old Frank Capra—a Sicilian immigrant who fell in love with America sometime before World War I—once brought it to the movie screen with unceasing force and eloquence.

Capra is eighty-three years old today. Walter Karp's introduction to *Political War: a new history of the United States from the depression to America War through World War I*

is and is something of a mystery man. The most popular filmmaker of his day, he has not made a movie in twenty years; he has made but one in the past thirty years. Not since 1945 has he directed a feature film that he himself cared about. At the height of his powers he virtually disappeared from the movie business. Still, he is by no means forgotten. When public broadcast stations got up their hand-crooning drives, in a fondly remembered Capra film—*It Happened One Night* or *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—they are likely to play it to prove that even public television has the common touch, which Capra himself had. At Christmastime, that is, when Americans wonder what the hell these lives have amounted to, one Capra film has become a Yuletide tradition: *It's a Wonderful Life*, starring Jimmy Stewart as a man



Jimmy Stewart as Mr. Smith goes to Washington—Capra's 1939 film about a wide-eyed idealist who challenges corruption in the United States Senate.



The Glory Boys

They play on scruffy diamonds at night and on weekends, with the names of bars, bowling alleys, and drugstores written across their chests. They don't play for money, yet risk losing their jobs and their wives to this sandlot obsession. *Why?* To win: that's part of it. And to keep the little boy inside of them alive and proud: that's all of it

by HARRY STEIN

SOMETIMES EVEN LEE ROY Bandy realizes how absurd it is, this obsession of his. "There are times I've actually woken up in the middle of the night thinking about softball. It's five in the morning, and there I am, fixated on a pitch I popped up the day before or on the pitcher I'm going to face tomorrow." He shakes his head and grins broadly. "I mean, I'm thirty-four years old. For God's sake. An thirty-four-year-old person shouldn't be doing this."

Bandy rises from behind his desk, saunters to his office door, and closes it gently. The administrative offices of Worldwide Volkswagen Corporation, where he works as a senior claims adjuster, are almost deserted late on this rainy Wednesday afternoon, but Bandy is not an indifferent man. "I'll tell you something," he says, resuming his seat. "I've turned down promotions in Major League or a contributing editor and plays on an amateur softball team

this company because of softball. I was offered jobs as company statistician, as the one sales manager... ." He grim again. "Ugh. No way. I would've resisted too many games."

Bandy has the dark good looks and easy charm of a suburban Bart Reynolds, and when he grins, which is often, it is easy to take what he is saying lightly. He is, after all, a creature, this notion of a grown man devoting himself so doggedly to a child's game.

But anyone who knows Lee Roy Bandy even a little bit, anyone who has even a vague sense of his position, understands that for him softball is no game matter. "I'm only lucky my wife understands. I mean, I was married on a Friday night because I had games that weekend. When my first child was born, my wife's mother had to take her home from the hospital because I had a game that day. I swear, if I was married



From left: Catcher Junior DePulma (left), pitcher Chuck Podgurski Sr. (rear), and teammates Lee Roy Bandy (center) and Chuck Podgurski Jr. (right) have their playing field in West Nyack, New York, in defeat. Remarkably, they gather for postgame beers at the Orange Lantern, the restaurant in Paramus, New Jersey, that sponsors them

to any other woman I'd have been divorced long ago," he laughs. "What am I talking about? I've already been divorced once."

So, for that matter, have a stacking number of the men with whom Sandy plays the game. Though no firm statistics on the subject have ever been compiled, the divorce rate among softball players is undoubtedly staggering.

"Last," explains Lee Roy simply, "we just can't play softball. In the winter, for God's sake, I take a walk into the basement and slam it against the wall to feel the rebound. It drives my wife nuts."

Others who share the compulsion tend to describe it as nearly the same sort of infatuation, for sure it seems, without exaggeration, a matter of emotional survival. As Alan Alda's Dr. Hawking once said, "As man grows, still young, but earthbound in his early years, he must learn to compromise and sacrifice from earliest childhood. 'There's that, basic part of you that has simply got to express itself,'" says New York artist Ned Kelly, who plays his softball in Central Park leagues. "On the field you're on your own, out in the open. There's no hiding."

"There is no better feeling in the world," adds Westchester businessman Ken Brown, "than putting on a uniform and shouting every goddamn soul the promises you can still do. You don't stop shouting that last game just because little kids start calling you 'sir'."

"You spend most of your life trying to have to pay agency fees for a quiet sort of soft," says Hank Peterson, who drives a truck for the Clarkstown, New York, highway department. "This is the part that makes it worth living."

"You think I've got these for you," says Lee Roy's teammate Junior DePalma, whose wife has yet to forgive him for the game he played the day after their marriage. "I have to play ball."

So it is that they fit into these lives during, sometimes hundreds, of games each season, often at the expense of families and careers, and even their own bodies. There are basketball players and football players, but above all, there are softball players, for the underworld demands, once populated almost exclusively by children, is increasingly the terrain where grown men achieve a sense of purpose—and a status—generally unavailable elsewhere in their lives.

According to statistics of the Oklahoma City-based Amateur Softball Association, there are 115,000 teams of amateur softball players in the country today, up from 29,000 just a decade ago. In New York's Rockland County (the seat about twenty miles northeast of New York City where

Bandy plays most of his ball), there are no fewer than forty softball leagues, each consisting of at least ten teams, most with a roster of twenty men. Not all the players are confined to a single economic or social stratum. They are bachelors and businessmen, salesmen and schoolteachers. One fellow, a pitcher for a team in Paterson, New Jersey, gives up a \$25,000-a-year job as a stockholder to drive a cab because the Wall Street routine hasn't allowed him to play more than a couple of days a week. Another guy—now in his late thirties, a legendary figure in Rockland County softball circles—accorded not only a good job at a bank but also a marriage of fourteen years and three children; he currently lives on his savings in southern California and plays softball for fun.

There is a sharp break on Bandy's office door; it opens a crack, and an earnest face peers at: "Lee, you have that report?"

"I've turned down promotions for softball. I was offered jobs as company auditor, as sales manager..."
Lee Roy grins. "No way. I would've missed too many games."

"Yeah, I'll get it to you in the morning," "Good. Thanks." The head disappears.

"That was the auditor," says Bandy. "That's one of the jobs they wanted me to take." He cups his hands behind his head and leans so far back in his chair that he can gaze up at a technical diagram of a Persian hanging on the wall behind him.

"Listen," he concedes after a moment, sitting back up in the chair. "I'm not saying my wife is completely happy with the situation. Last night, she was bawling." "Well," he said finally, "I guess you'll be playing ball tomorrow night, so I won't see you for our anniversary."

"Home," I say, "it's a big game. We're playing Payson Elephants." So I send her flowers today." He pauses and considers a moment. "I don't feel I have to apologize for what I do. It's better to play ball than to write novels or drink, and I'll." The grin. "Of course, a lot of guys when around and drink and play softball."

Lee Roy grins and taps his reddish-brown hair. "Tell me about it. We're old men, I.D." "Yeah. But don't tell *New Jersey*," Junior roars.

"Bandy plays most of his ball, there are no fewer than forty softball leagues, each consisting of at least ten teams, most with a roster of twenty men. Not all the players are confined to a single economic or social stratum. They are bachelors and businessmen, salesmen and schoolteachers. One fellow, a pitcher for a team in Paterson, New Jersey, gives up a \$25,000-a-year job as a stockholder to drive a cab because the Wall Street routine hasn't allowed him to play more than a couple of days a week. Another guy—now in his late thirties, a legendary figure in Rockland County softball circles—accorded not only a good job at a bank but also a marriage of fourteen years and three children; he currently lives on his savings in southern California and plays softball for fun."

Lee Roy Bandy is worried. The same has gotten older—most of its stars are approaching their mid-fifties, a few are older still—and suddenly winning no longer comes easily. Worse, the character of the tournament has begun to change.

"We've got a lot of 16-year-olds," he says plaintively. "Now that it's work, a lot of the guys just don't get up for it anymore. But for some of us, it's not."

"He picks up from his desk a plastic cube holding a photograph of his children and studies it dreamily. "See, it's like I'm a grandfather. I run into all these hotshot ball players who tell me they're going to outdrive me." Suddenly he is growing again. "Well, I'll live for that kind of stuff."

He rises from his desk, flags open his office door, and looks out at the weather through a large window down the hall. The water evaporates. "Dense, this rain won't stop."

Almost, as can, the phone on his desk rings shrilly. He answers on it. "Lee Bandy"—then relaxes. "Oh, yeah, No. I don't suppose so." He pauses. "Okay, then, you're on." He hangs up. "That was my wife. She called the ballfield. The game is off."

Bandy walks slowly back to the other side of the desk and begins to reread his papers. After a moment he pauses. "How do you like that?" he says, the thought apparently striking him for the first time. "I'm going to be spending my wedding anniversary with my wife."

ON A COOL EVENING IN EARLY May, Lee Roy is an unknown, leaping against the backdrop of a fantastically groomed field in West Nyack, New York, watching his teammates take batting practice.

"Look at that," he says, as Junior DePalma, one of his best friends on the team, lets a soft high over the nearby wooden fence in right field and into the woods beyond. "Can you get it, or what?"

DePalma takes a few more cuts, then drops his bat and pants Lee Roy.

"Get to looking good up there," Junior shugs. "I ain't got my tux ready down there."

Lee Roy grins and taps his reddish-brown hair. "Tell me about it. We're old men, I.D."

"Yeah. But don't tell *New Jersey*," Junior roars.

in the direction of the other beach bunch, populated by players and uniforms bearing the logos of over a dozen countries. The Dutch players, most of whom look to be in their early twenties, stare with admiration at respect at the larger, older men practicing at the larger, older men practicing on the field. "We give those guys a heart attack if they thought they were gonna beat us."

In fact, in the seven years Bandy and his renegades have played together, they have borne as many names as they've had sponsors: their jerseys this season, in the league, readas, after the Orange Lantern, a restaurant in Paterson, New Jersey—but they continue to call themselves as Hold Landscaping, the team name under which they were launched and achieved such extraordinary success, though the last, that two-year-ago Arthur Hold sold his business to Florida.

The Hold players do indeed seem an impressive crew. When he assumes his position at third base, the 35-year-old Bandy displays a set of unique reflexes, immediately able to appear to be at bat. He lunges to his left, Gracie Neffies to score Suzy Su's home run behind his left field. Chuck Paluszak Jr. lopes after his with a long, graceful stride, along the side lines. Paluszak's father, Chuck Sr., at fifty-six the oldest player in this league, still, despite a heart attack two years back, still one of its best pitchers, winds practice rizers and drops with dazzling precision.

Junior DePalma, himself known as the most talented catcher in the league, stands alone behind the backstop and slides his head in wonderment at these and a dozen more. "Look at the talent out there. Sometimes I wonder how we ever lose." A thick, powerful man of thirty-one, with the shaggy mustache and fiery eyes of his forebears, Junior, who has earned his living, takes losses with even less equanimity than Bandy. Indeed, he is a man of some quiet, stoic intensity. After the two teams have finished their first game of the season, in the town of Middletown, New Jersey, he actually heads to grandstand and off the field in a police patrol car after having witnessed an even grander display of liss with a spectacularly obscene gesture aimed at an old lady who been running him.

What the fine senior sees—is Junior slow to very few people—is another side, a side no bolder, no fragile, that it brings out the weather even in some of his teammates. "Under everything," says one, a high school history teacher named Jimmy Sparacino, "under all the formality and the theatrics, Junior is the most vulnerable human being I know—and one of the most decent. I know no one who burns as easily for other people."

Then, too, those teammates know how deeply DePalma tries for himself. A brilliant ballplayer in high school in suburban

New Jersey, he signed a contract with the Philadelphia Phillies in 1987. In his initial season, with the Phillies Reading team, he batted an impressive .357 and was on the way. Then, during the off-season, he was arrested for possession of marijuana. Since the terms of his probation precluded his having a baseball career, he signed with the New Jersey Devils, his professional career came to an abrupt end.

"They [the Devils] says Lee Roy, reporting him behind the backstop, "look who's jumping tonight."

"I'm glassed-over at this fellow in unison. Black, winded in their direction. "How you doin', fellas?" offers the singer with a still nod, and he never pest.

"Good," Junior says. He catches Lee Roy's eye, and each man makes a physical effort to keep from bursting into laughter. Junior's relationship with this particular singer, it turns out, the stuff of team lore. During a game a few seasons back, it

began, after the break adjacent to the field—it's generally regarded as theoughest arm—with isolated affluents of violence among all of its ten teams. Though the game played here is known as baseball, the players themselves are baseball players, and though almost every pitcher throw hard, one, John Jenkins of the largely black team called Apache, was recently clocked at 94 mph on a radar gun. Sealed down in the field by a cap ballplayer.

Jenkins's name is one that comes up frequently in conversation with Hold players. For years the brilliant pitcher has posed the sole obstacle to Hold claim to absolute league supremacy, and his galling presence is never far from their minds. "Jesus," says Bandy now, "with the attitude we have this year, how the before we ever going to beat Jenkins?"

"First," replies DePalma, "let's beat these guys."

Not to the surprise of the small



PATTI AND Junior DePalma were recently pegged with a suspicion of two pieces that was caused, according to Justice, by his life as an amateur softball player.

but in a crucial situation, DePalma calmly steps up to the plate and takes the ball. "I pitch a strike and I have down his base," DePalma watched the next pitch spread across the heart of the plate and unmercifully gave his verdict: "Ball four."

Now, as the singer makes his way across the field, DePalma spent his eyes wide in admiration. "Ball four," he says in falsetto.

But there is also something bugging Junior this evening. Just moments ago, he learned that Eddie Rabb, the team's big, solid-esteemed first baseman, who doubles as manager, has failed to arrange for the presence of a number of veteran Hold players at the game, among them the superlative Jo Jo Burke, once an insider for the Yankees' Triple A Spokane club. "I can't believe it," mutters junior. "He told Jo Jo not to come. He says we just enough guys."

The West Nyack Softball League—otherwise known as the Deer Head

calls, even racing horses down the home line to back up fielders. Finally, too, grows a healthy respect for his father, Clark Podresnik, and his father.

The older Podresnik, with his cool blue eyes and wavy frame, is a bona fide physical specimen. Despite the heart attack, despite severely arthritic knees that after two operations have left him limping in a thin blue glass suit the pants, he remains as competitive on the mound as he has always been in his job as a high-level executive with the phone company. Not only does he perform on equal terms with men three decades younger, he usually dominates them. A pitcher much earlier in his forty-five year career, he has now made himself an accomplished technician, so adept at changing speeds and brushing corners, that his recent record—after two operations and a heart attack, he has won fifty-four games and lost only six—is堪堪 comparable to Johnson's.

Now, wife watches Junior DePalma left a long fly ball toward right field for the last out, he can only shake his head. "I'd like to believe," he mutters softly. "I'd like to believe."

"Goodness," says Bandy, standing beside him. "The kids last us."

Junior DePalma's frustration is not easily allayed. A few minutes later sitting in the Deer Head parking lot behind the wheel of his '71 Olds, he suddenly turns, dark eyes ablaze. "I can't believe that Richie Ruff, man! Twenty guys on the roster had to want to play them all!" He turns on the ignition and jerks the car into reverse. "Wait, that one ended taught! Let the barn play in Peoria! That league we can win with anybody."

For ten minutes, driving through the leafy upper-middle-class communities of West Nyack and Blauvelt, Junior is silent. "It's like you the trees," he says finally. "It's harder than it used to be. I used to hit the tree these days. Now I'm playing against the goddamn trees. I'm never gonna hit them again." He stops on the curb. George Bassett is across—and moves it off. "I don't know how major-league players do it, flying all over the place, hitting all these problems back home. Christ, I have to think how hard I'd be right now if I was working."

The reference is to the fact that he is in the middle of a two-week layoff from a lucrative carpet-beating job at the newly renovated Commodore Hotel in New York City. The layoff, imposed by his union, is the result of a run-in with an older union man. "This guy was about thirty years old, born in the moon about forty years. You know why he harassed me? I was working too hard!" He shakes his head bitterly. "I'm telling you, man, this country is really going down the tubes. What an I supposed to do, not work? Goddam it, the job and make a capable for two hours?" (He

the guy if he were twenty years younger I'd break his head." He pauses, and then, straight unapologetically, he writes: "I guess they oughta name it softball but not me."

Things, he adds a moment later, have been anything but благод in home. It is only six months since his reconciliation with his wife, Pam, following a two-year separation so replete, largely precipitated by mutual knowledge, that the edges of his life as a softball player, but already the bonding had remained. "She says she never sees me. Well, she's what am I supposed to do, I got softball every night. I gave her money to pay Elsie Powers, the exercise place—she should do that!" He pauses, then adds wistfully. "I love my wife, man. She's had on me but I love her."

He drives on for another twenty minutes, out of New York State and into New Jersey. Bandy stops, in the middle of the curve, to look at the sun. "It's a beauty," he says. "It's a beauty, standing beside him. "The kids last us."

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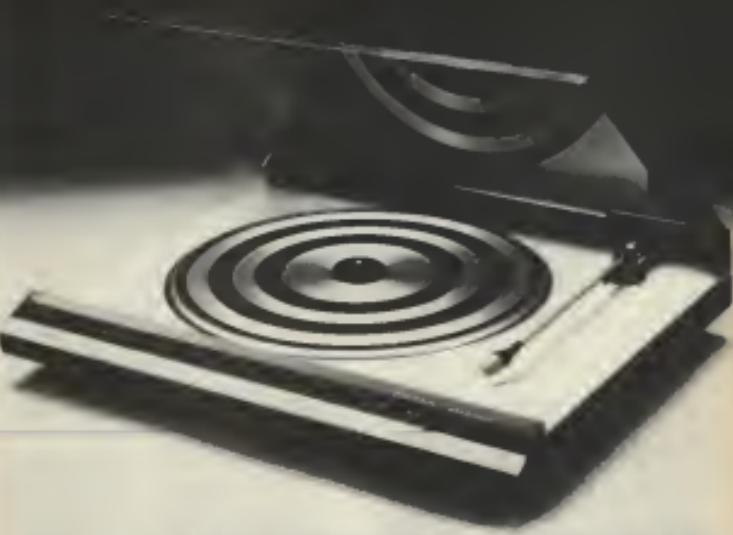
Junior's team—a load of Holdt B-squad, relegated to playing on their weaker league—will indeed win the game, and Jo Jo, who enters the contest immediately upon his arrival, will contribute mightily to the victory. Afterward, he and his teammates will go to the bar, as they do on so many postgame nights, to a local bar. By the time Junior makes it home, he will be close to one-thirty, and Pam DePalma will have long since given up waiting for him.

HOLDT'S FIRST CRUCIAL test of the young season, against one of the new powers of the Deer Head league, falls on a late-May evening in its halcyon to the point of suffocation. But this time Richie Ruff has taken no chances; reserve will be there. Indeed, Jo Jo Mackay, the sharpshooter whose absence no cost the team against Town and Country, is on the field fully forty-five minutes before game time, standing ten feet in front of the pitcher's rubber and jacking a whiffle ball to his horsepower arm. "Assassinically," the boy says, "he's been hitting me since the day I started playing, and he's the best of the cardinal greats, displaying the power and coordination of a child twice his age."

But the few other Holdt players already on the base path little attention to the father and the son. Jo Jo, thirty-nine and trailing toward overripe, his baseball career finally slowed by a hand injured in Vietnam, goes through the same routine before almost every Holdt game, standing there in his Orange Lantern jersey and New York Yankees cap, tossing the plastic ball at Joe Jr., wordlessly ending.

Within a few minutes, the other members of the team begin showing up. Lee Ray Baile with his grin and his snaggle, George Clark Podresnik, center fielder Brian Bassett, Jimmy Spearman, a half dozen more.

Also in attendance are a pair of nonplaying Holdt regulars. The team's sponsor, the elderly owner of the Orange Lantern restaurant, whose name is Bas Punt, ar-



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JUNIOR IMPALMA, seen on in glory as amateur softball all-star, has career with a Philadelphia Phillies farm team who permanently and abruptly ended by a drugstore.

ribes in his long white Louis Continental Dacron plate. WANT TWENTY minutes before the game and, as usual, sets up his folding chair near the team's bench. He is soon passed by a man, a sternly unkempt young man named James Monroe, a confirmed ex-man-and-order-auditor for the squad, who stands beside Durocher and fiddles with his ever-present portable radio.

Chuck Podagrini Jr. comes directly from work in a business suit and, as always, returns by himself for a few minutes in the parking lot, perched upon the rear fender of his car. A casual observer, spotting Chuck for the first time, might well sense in him an emotional detachment from the others.

It is not that although his teammates, including his own son, are an inseparably close bunch, Chuck's life is rooted in practice and routine, a consciousness never more evident than in his pre-game prepara-

tions, in the way he always takes these first moments to put himself in the properly competitive state of mind; it is precisely that he carries the game of taking two runs, Strength System, capsule, wrapped down with Gatorade to maintain the pain in his knees, in his costers, while straining on, of running through a mental checklist of potential problems with his motion and reminding himself to make certain that his back is bent at the proper angle, that his left foot slides upon release of the ball, that his follow-through is complete.

After five minutes, the old pitcher slowly rises from the car and walks toward the Deer Head Inn to change. "I've had the moon," he says with a broad grin, glancing toward the field, where his teammates are horsing around. "It's very clean. No leeks on the place."

In contrast, most of the players on the other team, which goes by the curious



FROM YEAR to year the name on the shirt changes with the team's sponsor. One thing never varies, however: it's always the leers who buy the programs here.

name Boo Waga, are almost to the point of giddiness. Immediately before game time, most of them, in their first home-run-natured Waga, comes up and down in front of their bench like a caged cat, psyching himself. "This is the cat," he keeps repeating. "They don't come my bigger than this."

Perhaps it is this meditation that does the trick. For when the game begins, though the Holt players give their best performances in weeks, scoring runs in their first four at bat and preventing no phy-impaired defense, the Boo Waga refuse to score.

At first it appears that the game may well end 3-0. Then, abruptly, nearly two-thirds of the way through the contest, with two runs scored on base, Wayne, as fast at the plate as a cheetah, rips a Podagrini-style on a straight line even the fence in right field to give the Boo Waga a one-run advantage.

In another session, this would certainly have been the moment when the Holt team displayed its character—when each of a dozen or so individuals took it upon himself to add a personal touch to the game. The time has come to leave these legends, as the game enters its final stage. One is sharply aware that the only source of encouragement comes from the Holt side of the field (or, female).

For throughout the game, in status wagons and compact, veritably crammed, players' wives—most of them with children—have been arriving at the field. By the last inning, the area directly behind the Holt bench looks like a city park at midday nine or ten women in their thirties, casually dressed, stand about chatting, while all about them children cry and toddle.

The women's presence may contribute to the apparent good grace with which even the most aggressive of the men accept the defeat. They do not even tend to be the Saturday-nighters who, with a few seconds of thought, can say "They're beat for the Deer Head Game." The players simply offer one another a few quiet words of consolation, listen politely to Chuck Sr.'s instant justification of the gopher ball he served up to Wayne ("The ump made me use a new ball. I just didn't feel right"), and head toward the picnic tables set up behind the Deer Head Inn, on the evening, as on all others when a league game is played here; the losers will buy beer for the winners.

The Boo Waga, in their part, are jubilant in victory—and a good deal less than charitable. "We're gonna take it this year," shouts one, dressed like the air. "We're gonna take it all." He regards the older men (moving slowly toward the inn, surrounded by their wives and children). "Look at that. Their era is over."

It is an assessment with which more than a few of the Holt players seem to

agree. "It's just not there anymore," Chuck Hall is saying when someone later "We've lost the edge."

Boo, who's been here since a phone table, is adamant. "I don't want to hear that. We'll get it back up again."

Podagrini shaks his head. "Sure, we've got the team, but look at me. He takes a sip from his cup of beer drawn from the keg purchased with Holt money. "Loses, we can't be losers. I just had a kid, so I've got another kid. Other guys have started businesses. Priority change." He pauses a beat. "Except for Jones."

A moment later, right on cue, Junior steps over to where Sandy and Ralf are sitting, looks in to see that Chuck, too, is downcast. "Thinking on the way home about the half. Forty-five years on the ball park, boy, and the ball doesn't feel right." He makes a dumb mistake in what happened. He tried to challenge Wayne, and we paid for it. "He gleams over at Chuck Sr., thirty-five days away, talking quietly with his son. "Hey, look, don't you think Chuck's patched enough years for us? I left my left pitch him till he sleeps."

Lee Hoy looks up at the suggestion. "We're supposed to be real hot this weekend for the tournament."

"Great. We can pitch him Sunday at two o'clock, Monday at five, Tuesday at seven, and again on Tuesday. That should do it."

"That'll show him, all right," agrees Ralf, allowing himself a smile.

"Son," says Junior, "why not? The guy's still got you. He wants to be on the team instead. Just that what he always says?" But suddenly Junior stops, used of his little jolt. "Son, what the hell am I talking about? I'll tell you back."

BUT THE TEAM HAS NOT YET lost bottom, not by a long shot. At the next postgame gathering at the Deer Head a week later, there are no laughs at all. Holt Long-campers have just suffered the most embarrassing defeat in its distinguished history, a 16-3 drubbing at the hands of a talented team of Puerto Ricans called PRIDE (an acronym for Puerto Rico, Isla de Encuentro—Puerto Rico, Island of Encounture), in a game in which everything that could possibly go wrong for a solidish team did. The Holt defense was like a sieve. Chuck Sr., for one of the very few times in his career, was beaten out of the zone; the Holt batters consistently failed to deliver hits in key situations.

But worse—worst of all—the team lost the services of Junior Dufresne.

In the final game, with the dimensions of the home run already evident, Junior was called out on a close play at third base. Abruptly he turned upon the offending umpire, seizing him by the collar and look-

ing for all the world as if he might maim him on the spot. "Don't let him home," pleaded a fan on the Holt side of the field. "Please, Junior, let him go." And after a long, harrowing moment, Junior finally

had his hand, taking in the picnic area, the towers, the field in the blackness beyond. "Well, everybody's saying Holt is finished. Well, like that they're saying. Well, like that, too."

"Well, I'm not ready to quit yet," agrees Spearman. He glances at Dufresne. "Me and June, we plan to keep on going. And that right, June?"

"Into my bones, Efrem, sixteen..."

Boo thinks a moment. "70 definitely keep playing at least until my five-year-old son comes. Maybe then I'll go and coaching Little League or something."

"You know," says Junior with a small smile, "between your dad and Efrem and me and June's two kids, we're gonna have a whole bunch of grandkids."

"You still talking about having a kid, Junior?" asks Ralf.

"We're talking about getting a long first." He shaks his head. "Sighs, though. Man. Sandy's pretty and all that, but she's not easy. The other day she flips out and starts telling me how I'm getting. I could've killed her." He pauses. "Love her, that's the problem. I swear, if I didn't love her so much, I'd leave and never ever warned again."

"It's amazing you got back together after the last split."

"And it was her idea! She said all the men out there are even worse than me. Can you believe that?" He laughs mirthfully. "We need psychiatric help, that's what she says."

"Everybody's old lady says that," remarks Sandy. He rises to his feet. "Well, gaaaaa's getting kind of late, after all. Time to leave the cause." He takes a few steps in the direction of the parking lot. "Leaving to there, June."

Dufresne looks at him. "We gotta get it together, Lee. We gotta."

Sandy gives him a hug. "Don't worry about a thing. We'll."

But Dufresne seems sense of frustration on those three hours alone.

Most of the Holt players depart quickly after the PRIDE debacle; by thirty-five or forty-five or so, the nucleus of the original championship squad, remain on the picnic grounds. The keg departs, they sit, ensconced from all care of Ralf, tucked from the adjacent tavern. The talk, inoff-going-ago softball games, of house rats lost, of spectacular plays executed, of open seasons handled, and it goes on and on the night.

"I'm already in trouble at home," says Sandy a little before midnight. "Might as well get another stepjack."

"What the hell," agrees Ralf, "count me in."

"I'm not going anywhere," says Junior Spearman.

There is a sudden prolonged silence. "We never got beat like that before," says Junior finally. "I can't believe it."

Sandy responds with a deft sweep-of

"She was fuming. I guess you'll be playing ball, so I won't see you tomorrow for our anniversary." Honey, it's a big game, I told her. 'We're playing Payton Elevators.'

his hand, taking in the picnic area, the towers, the field in the blackness beyond. "Well, everybody's saying Holt is finished. Well, like that they're saying. Well, like that, too."

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AND INCREDIBLY, BEGINNING with the very next game, they do, proceeding to win nine of their next ten Deer Head league games (against teams with names like Riff Raff, Dopey Vic, and 4 Star Steak House). The hiring of Lee Sandy, Junior Spearman, Chuck Podagrini Jr., and, after his return to the lamp, June Dufresne, has much to do with the resurgence, and so does the deftly pitched Chuck Sr. But it's, above all, a team effort: the various components of the Holt machine are suddenly back in synchronization, like the worn but still-serviceable pieces of an antique clock.

Later one Sunday afternoon in July, after a day at the Deer Head, Chuck Jr. comes into the living room of his comfortable home in Hightstown, New Jersey. "I'm back," he says.

"I know you was," dryly observes his wife, Diane, from (Continued on page 40)

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a stretch across the room. "The only question is, is he here now?"

"For something. A four-bitter."

Charlie smiles. "Good. You were thinking about to drink?"

"Nah," he says. "You should have seen it out there today. My ball was really moving. Good motion, good rhythm, everything..." He turns and, suddenly stiff-legged, heads toward the bedroom to change.

With all the blossoms and bouquets going, and the first words out of his mouth are "Does that mean I can't play in the tournament this weekend?" she laughs. "That's when I knew he'd say my cardigan street."

Charlie Rodriguez is a tall, broad-shouldered man with lily-white skin, go with his wavy, well-braced skin. One is not surprised to learn that she recently served as a model for older women's clothes at a local department store, or that she, too,

the alternative..." She breaks into a broad smile. "Sure, I'd had the cardigan written for me."

"Son-of-a-bitch," says Carol, who is given to furious outbursts of profanity, "proximity allows distance to close the gap."

Her mother looks at her. "What does that mean?"

"On occasions of space, when a person is easy in each of our minds. Otherwise, proximity separates us."

"Honey, I don't know what people say me."

"I'm saying," Carol says, rising and heading out of the room en route to the pool in the back yard. "that though we don't get to eat together as a family very often, we love each other very much."

A moment after she leaves, Chuck Jr., still wearing his dirty Orange Lanterns uniform, strides into the room.

"Hi..."

"Congratulations..."

"Thank you," Chuck Jr., who becomes a strikingly good resemblance to his father, is a good deal less intense. While most of the others on the team had to make gains by playing, he comes off even the most dismaying losses with minutes of their conclusion and locate victories with the same consciousness.

"You gonna have a swim before dinner?" Chuck writes to his father, responding to civilian clothes—"Hey, good game, Dad"—and raises his east.

"You too, son." He watches him disappear around a corner. "Chuck got the game-winning hit today. And Janice, he got two hits, including a triple."

"Dinner's not for a while," says Carol, raising one of the knives. "You have time for a swim, too, if you want."

"I don't think so," he pauses. "Do you realize I've lost only one game in over a month—that game Janice beat me two to one?"

"I know." Carol hits the lid off a pot in which something is simmering.

"I'll tell you," says Carol. "Junior's right—those expenses are mounting as hell. Today they called a guy safe at second who was out by two feet."

"Just don't get upset about it, Charlie. Remember, there's nothing you can do about it."

He laughs. "Look which talking."

The reference is to the time Carol was herself ejected from a public park for keeping an empire. In fact, she becomes overzealous at Chuck's games that she has all but stopped coming entirely.

She catches his eye and suppresses a grin. "Let me bathe in here, will you?"

And after bath retreats to the pool area to join the others. Carol looks into the per cent again, tastes its contents—spaghetti sauce—and adds a bit more salt.

"You know," she says, abruptly picking up the thread dropped earlier, "a lot of wives sit around just waiting for their husbands

to quit. Well, I'll tell you, I saw a report on television not long ago about a forty-seven-year-old man down in Florida who still plays softball, and it was wonderful."

From outside there comes a transfixes splash. Chuck Jr., consciousness intact, leaps from the pool to the roof. "I spent the whole rest of that day trying to explain to Chuck that, at sixty-seven, still pitches that nice, still going them down," she says. "Who knows, maybe they are van again."

A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE ROCKLAND COUNTY AREA ARE ACTIVELY STARTING TO FIGHT THE SAME THING. Chuck Jr., the team's coach, a plowing leftfielder who has consistently, in his very best years—and on August 4, the man got their first taste of glory, management. No less on authority than the softball winter for Rockland County. Now, in a racehorse of the twelve best teams in the country, name Orange Lanterns number one, using for good measure that Lee Ray Brady is "considered the best all-around player in the country."

The article makes waves. Contrary to all expectations, contrary to logic, Apollo 11's son, known in the Nyack Cardinals, is ranked not even second but third, behind PRIDE, the Paets Cupe team. John Johnson and his teammates are not pleased.

In person, Johnson is every inch as large as in his reputation—six in a weight lifter's body, 260 pounds of muscle packed into slightly less than six feet—but on the second team is an almost incongruous specimen to his size. Still, when the Journal-News reporter is asked who he thinks will win, he states simply: "The team that it had, I mean. We know it's not us." He pauses. "I look it had."

Indeed, JJ and more than a few of his Cardinals colleagues have let it be known that they are aiming for a shot at Holt in the league championship—a grudge match the Holt players subscribe with equal relish.

That would mean, on the face of it, almost smid, something like working to place oneself within striking range of a landed bassoon. Because on a softball mound, from a distance of but forty-six feet, John Johnson is terrifying. Standing still, staring straight ahead with cold, dead eyes, he suddenly wraps a stiff right arm back, and suddenly the ball is exploding forward, on the nose, at close to a hundred miles per hour. Seeing his action, one is not at all surprised to learn that he consistently strikes out sixteen or eighteen opposing batters in a single seven-inning contest.

Moreover, the man's appetite for successive no-hitters, some break of nature enabling him to pitch as many as four

games in a day. That durability, not to mention his also proved extrinsically lucrative: this year Johnson's box office is right up for him, and box office revenue—possible as much as \$125 a game for his services. But Holt, virtually these same teams in the area, remain unimpressed by all this, indeed, in the past decade, by dint of talent and tenacity, at his played, turned to a virtual wasteland. And so, when the confrontation at last becomes a reality—when Rodriguez shows out PRIDE to guarantee Holt the title in one of the league's two divisions, and Johnson places Apollo to the championship of the other—there is a tension in the Valley Nyack that is palpable; that is, in my opinion, the best baseball in the country. (I am about to send a report to the World Series; for the men to whom this game so matters, this is a World Series.)

The atmosphere on the evening of the first game—this is to be a best-of-three

"After Charlie had his heart attack, he's lying there hooked up to a cardiograph, and his very first words are 'Does this mean I can't play in the game this weekend?'"

afternoon—very much reflects that fact. There are more people in attendance at the Dier Hard than Friday evening that at any other game this season, more than two hundred filling the stands not long the local bars. Nor all of them have only a lay's interest in the contest. Whenever these two teams play—indeed, whenever there is any meeting in this area of softball powerhouses—swapping in rumors, before game time this evening, the betting is intense. But first, the Orange Lanterns sponsor, as taking as much action as anyone, his dark barrel coming as end of his pocket time and again.

And from this, it appears that the fifth of the Holt batters is sure to be rewarded. The man strikes at Johnson before he can get his bearings, the first finding strange, logarithmic, almost frantic to produce three hits, two more when they are rhythmically registered against JJ's man-in-motion game. But now, striking well to their emotional tautness, the same men who so capably accepted defeat at the hands of the like Town and Country Det and the Dos Wags, are bought on their feet from the start, pulling for one another with the agonized kind of managers banting rock stars. It is as if in three months they have lost ten years.

The fervor, abetted by flawless pitching and fight defense, appears likely to carry the day. As darkness begins to settle over the field for us within seventy-two hours of Labor Day and summer's end, Chuck begins the final inning with a lead of 3-1. Then, abruptly, there is trouble: Johnson has been felled, and, too, over the mid-field wall, and, too, the old pitcher appears satisfied. Before two more batters are retired, he has landed the bases on a single and two walks.

Now the heat of the crowd has grown to a scalding rise, like the sound you can hear in a seashell. It is clear, and the side of sighters. Fifteen minutes earlier, the line drive the next hour ladies toward Holt's first center fielder, Bryan Bassett, would surely have been snared without difficulty. But now Bassett has trouble sighting the ball off the bat, and it falls in front of him, he watches it up on one bounce and then home, desperately trying to head off the swinging run. The ball has junior DePalma's glow on the same circumference as the runner has home base—and then it dribbles free.

Suddenly, all around DePalma, there is pandemonium—the Apollo players players blushing their faces, the crowd in an uproar—but John is unmoved, where he is, sprawled on the deck, looking at him eternally, beaming to his feet. "We'll have been safe anyway," he says.

On the Holt bench, Chuck Jr. strikes his head dramatically.

Rock Raff walks over and places a hand on his shoulder. "No one in the world could have held out that ball, JJ."

So exasperatingly difficult is this defeat to accept, and so depicted by it are the Holt players, that in its aftermath manager Kell, however, an aging, tattered, smirking, a smattering of laughs and a streak of laughter, managing to take a staggering, nose-blowing step. Before the team's next contest, a tournament game that has no bearing on the championship series, he quickly presents each of the team's players—men one—with a T-shirt reading "I PLAY SOFTBALL WITH JOHNNY NYACK." These are put on by health their regular jerseys, and immediately before the game on the beach, around them to a started DePalma. He, in turn, is presented with his share: a big, pinkish t-shirt.



JOHN JOHNSON, parking son of the West Nyack Softball League. His last win has been clinched at thirty-four, right, he has struck out eighteen batters in a game.

"Dad, my Charlie," says his wife with unbridged tenderness. "Thirty-one years, and it's always the same."

"I'll work for that," conveys their daughter Carol, a little henny-pony-old, entering the room in a belting suit. "You going swimming, honey?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not." She flings her and out an arched.

"You should have seen him after his heart attack," continues Carol. "He's lying there, hooked up to a cardiograph,

rate tournament goals 6-0, with Chuck pitching a masterful one-hitter.

But two evenings later at Jemison ages, and the big play-off crowd, and the money changing hands, and the darkness that will come early. This time, however, the team is utterly, amazingly on its game. Though Holdt's first-round rally this evening results in but one run, old Podgurski offers an courageous performance as he has given all his years on the mound, holding his powerful rivals at bay throughout. Final score: Orange Lancers 1, Nyack Cardinals 0.

And so the stage is set for the dramatic game. There is, indeed, a curious sense of inevitability to the proceedings. The Holdt players, alone in a van, are confidant; Jemison, however, after their awesome previous performance, are wary. "I can feel it," says Chuck Sr. on the bench before the contest. He pauses to gape down his friend and Geronimo. "We can't afford it. It's in our grasp."



PATHER-AND-SON team: Chuck Podgurski Sr. came back from a heart attack and two knee operations. Now 48, he's still the top pitcher for the Holdt team.

That assurance is perhaps responsible for the large number of Holdt wives who have shown up for the game. Even Paris DePalma, once a regular but lately a very adequate presence at the Deer Head, is in attendance. Tall, with large, luminous green eyes and shoulder-length brown hair, she is entirely as pretty as Jemison always describes her; she could, in fact, pass for a high-fashion model, which is what she once considered becoming. "I had to stop hanging around," she explains before the game. "This place"—she nods at the tavern—"can turn a man into a lout. But I guess this is a pretty important game."

And yet somehow, once it is under way, neither team plays with the impatience manifest in the first two encounters. For both sides the sense of urgency is still there, the desperation to prevail, but the primal play comes for neither.

At last it is the older team that gives

way. Unable to sustain to the end the standard of brilliance that has carried Holdt this far, Chuck Sr. suffers a lop of concentration in the fifth inning, walking three batters and surrendering three runs.

In game like this one, such a lop is almost always fatal. Though the Holdt batters would a minor threat in the final inning, Jemison, however, the strain evident with every pitch, shuns them down, sealing a 3-4 victory. And making the Cards the champions of the West Nyack Softball League.

Afterward, around the picnic tables, the glow of the Holdt players is as profound as the rosy glow of the victory. Though most of the losers stay at Jemison's flagpole age, and the human heart more than sets busters free. He hesitates, struggling to control the anger. "I have no problem at all about going to the team."

Chuck Sr. does not say it, but a few sentences later a few tablemates, his son included, that in fact he probably might finally be ready to pack it all in. "He's talked about it," says Chuck in evenly "and frankly, I wouldn't blame him. The truth is, this team is just about finished. It's all downhill from here."

He says his beer and considers. "I'd be willing to bet that next year a whole lot of guys won't be back."

Indeed, the roundabout of the evening appears to be getting to even Junior DePalma. Inside the Deer Head Inn, between the pool table and a video game, he stands with a can in his hand, thinking equally inchoate thoughts. "No more," he pledges, "no more screwing up. That winter I'm gonna do what I have to do to make my marriage work. Ain't that right, Pat?"

"Huh?"

He walks a few feet to where she is standing, holding a drink, and takes her hand. "I mean, I do this, this wasn't. I'm going to do better. I'm gonna do better. I mean, if I'm gonna make it, I'm gonna make it. I mean, I'm gonna make it."

"Your son, Junior," calls out a guy at the pool table.

Pat's watch as he makes his and walks a quick beat back. Junior looks up at her, and she smiles back. "Good shot, Junior."

She has, of course, heard a lot before. Pat sighs at her drink and laughs softly. "You really do have to get a buzz on in this place to tolerate all the softball. Look around. All these guys talking about old times, bragging about themselves. It's enough to drive a person bananas." She sighs. "And it never ends. That's the thing: it never ever ends."

And just enough, at that very moment, outside in the picnic area, two men are hunched over a table in the darkness, staring at the columns of statistics printed on a piece of paper. They have been trying to decide, Bryan Bassett and Chuck Podgurski Sr., who should be the lead-off batter for Holdt Landscaping next season, and who should bat second. ♦



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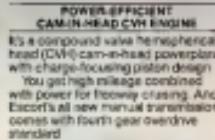
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A Month of Sundays

Fashion by
Vincent Boucher

WHEN THE WEEKEND FINALLY ROLLS AROUND, THE LAST THING YOU NEED IS COMPLICATED. WHAT YOU DO NEED IS hands-free wear: simple, adaptable clothes that allow you to hang out at home, then step out on the spur of the moment without a second thought. When it comes to Sunday pleasures, you should be able to change your mind without having to change your clothes.

There is a little new way of dressing that finds the balance in a little sharper than a standard outfit of jeans. Influenced by—and sometimes borrowed outright from—athletes' gear, these clothes combine non-constricting ease of movement with an unobtrusive air that represents the best tradition of American sportsmen.

They may be constructed from fabrics normally used in athletic wear, such as a tough rugby-cloth knit, or they may copy an active sportswear detail like the elastic waistband. Sometimes they are touched up in the bright colors of the gosse; other times they are redesigned in the style of such sporting clothes as sweat shirts, jogging pants, and baseball jackets. Whatever their derivation, the result is pure comfort.

It's not hard to see where this evolution in casual wear began. With the emergence some years back of the Roots culture—

evident first in the legions of joggers power-walking away and then in a wave of weight-lifting enthusiasts—it was only natural that clothing be more streamlined. As men spent longer hours in the gymnasium or on the track and, correspondingly, in their sweat and shorts, they found how comfortable such clothing could be. Sportswear designers and manufacturers pouncing on this cue and emerged with a whole new approach to all-hours clothing.

Indeed, "Sportswear sportswear" by the fashion industry for "Sunday sportswear" by some experts, the styles blend easily with such classic wardrobe staples as khakis and plaid sport shirts. Their versatility also makes them compatible with a range of Sunday activities.

Our couple might look relaxed but not rumpfled as they check out the last-minute offerings at the Times Square theater-ticket booth in New York. In the pages ahead, other passengers tried out varied Sunday diversions without worrying about how they were dressed. Whether they spent the day at home, the afternoon in a museum, or a few hours boozing, they were able to while away the end-of-the-winter doldrums in nonchalant style. February can be a long, cold month of Sundays, but with easy, good-humored attitudes like these, does spring really seem so far away?

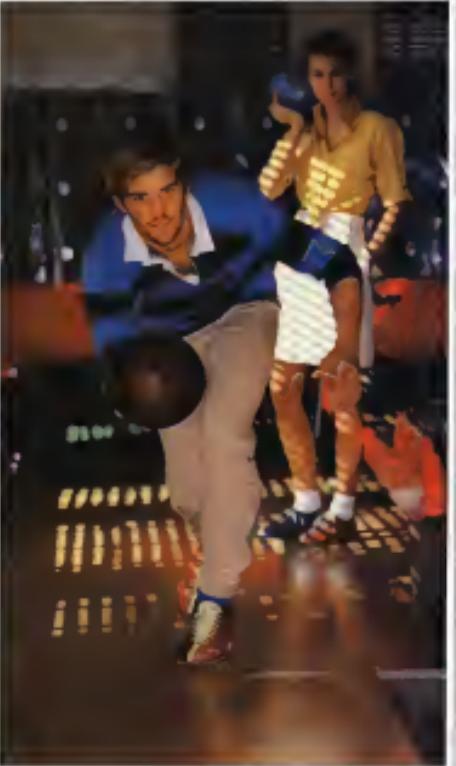


ARRIVEDRE PER TICKET
he wears a waterproof parka of specially reinforced polyvinyl chloride and nylon (\$440) by Rothschild M. W. Morris, At Fred Segal, New York, The Coach House, Pittsburgh, The Berggrueners, New York, New York.

are a cotton-knit short with contrasting collar (\$224) and elastic-waist cotton-corduroy pants (\$125), both by Bowes Traders, At Cherrystreet, New York, May D & E, Denver; Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Her blouse from Design Observations, New York.



On soccer weekends, just the thought of running outside is chilling. He has chosen to stay put, wearing a pima-cotton-blend sweat shirt (\$32.50), jogging pants with an elastic waist and both pocket (\$40), and cotton Terry socks (\$7.50). All from Fila. Photo: Ralph Lauren. At Fila. Ralph Lauren shops in Washington, D.C.; Chicago; Palm Beach; Dallas. Star styling by Marciannetti.



The basketball look for Sunday 8 February
Basketball polo shirt (\$25.50), basketball shorts (\$22.50), and basketball socks with ankle supports and elastic waist (each \$4.50), all polyester, \$17.50. All from Fila. Photo: Ralph Lauren. At Fila. Ralph Lauren shops in Washington, D.C.; Chicago; Palm Beach; Dallas. Star styling by Marciannetti.



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Check out the floor of any penny arcade.

Among scruffy Keds and battered oxfords see the wing tips. The Guccis. Notice the bodies. Prosperous. Professional.

Three-piece suits. Observe them stuff quarters into coin slots, and wonder as they battle a blip of a flying saucer with a wedge of a spaceship. Then ask yourself:

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

Invasion of the Asteroids

BY DAVID OWEN

Men pride four things to women: frat cars, girls, cutting corners, and television. The others are: Princeton, the Yacht Club, and sex. This is a thought-provoking lot and good as far as it goes. But lately there's been a fifth contender: a coin-operated, computerized space game it has come to be called named Asteroids.

It's available in Manhattan, and the Playland arcade at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway is crowded. Standing shoulder to shoulder with Playland's traditional clientele of Times Square drifters and transient schoolboys who appear to be a full-scale invasion from the corporate towers of nearby Rockefeller Center. You can hardly move from one end of the place to the other without getting your heel on somebody's wing-up shoe. Over near the Seventh Avenue entrance, a girl, that was with braids pulled between her bangles is bashed over a flailing gumball table called *Jamie's Room*. At a change station near the center of the room, a sporty-looking typesetter is inventing the contents of his wallet enough quarters to buy a congressional subcommittee. There are three space suits everywhere. They are three-space suits everywhere. They are the daintiest agglomeration of gray wool by far standards at the very front of the arcade by a longshot.

of thumping, thudding machines, where a ventriloquist of pounds executives is hand up there doing a play by numbers.

Asteroids, of course, is not the name of the game. It's the name of the machine, and it's called a coin-operated game, or video, or whatever—in the United States. It leaped to the number-one slot last August, bypassing Space Invaders, a simple-minded but wildly successful space-game import that swept the country after causing something close to mass hysteria (not to mention a coin shortage) in Japan. Introduced in December 1979, Asteroids quickly became standard equipment in bars, arcades, and airports all over the country. Seven owners who had previously been scared away from coin-operated by profitless underworld reputation now began to clamor for Asteroids. Alan Inc., the game's manufacturer, had trouble keeping production in step with demand. There are now over thirty thousand Asteroids machines on location worldwide, most of them in the United States and most of them astoundingly popular. Machine is hot location have been known to bring in as much as one thousand dollars a week, enough to pay the rentmensus to little more than a fortnight. Operators who sold fleets of machines are finding they have to make

lots

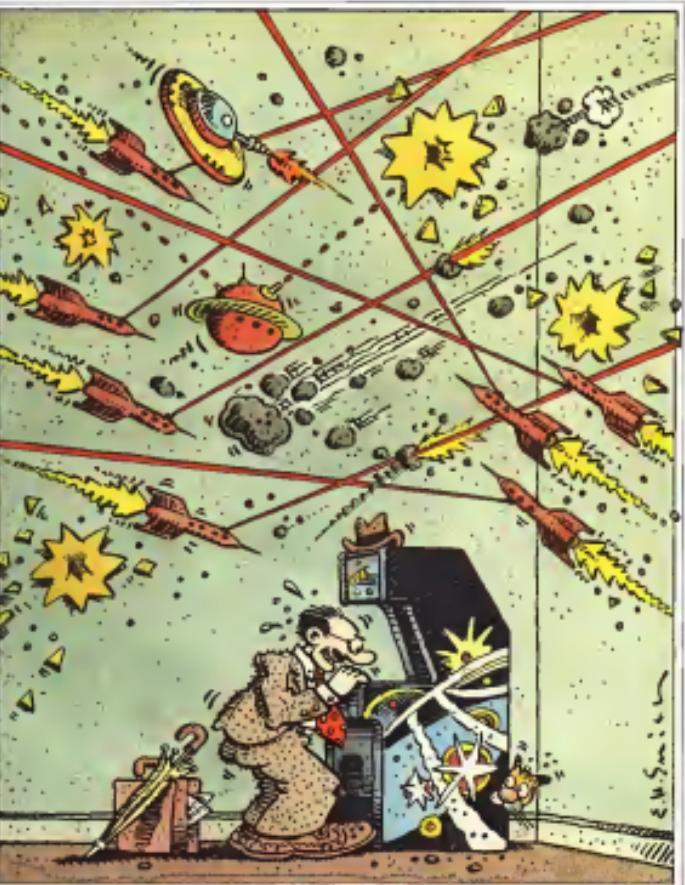
of trips to their locations just to empty the coin boxes of the Asteroids machines.

An arcade is, as the name implies, a place for fun, or, in the words of the man who invented Asteroids, not how many

people are playing it but which ones. Continuing a trend begun by its immediate predecessor, Asteroids has helped open up the coin-op market to a broad-new clientele and just chain-smoking teenagers with no one on their hands but responsible, well-paid men in their twenties, thirties, forties, and even fifties, who in some cases haven't seen the inside of an amusement arcade since the days when pinball games had pins. And now these more-sophisticated versions of the green silicon product—are looking out of expense-account lunches and spending money from elegant restaurants to play Asteroids.

"The party much eliminated has been an ongoing part of my daily routine," says a thirty-four-year-old stockbroker. "I'd rather play this game than eat. Along about four o'clock my stomach begins to growl, but Asteroids has made me a happy man. You would think any game that could create a grown-up mind like that, that had one-third of my daily intake of food would be a brain-stopper to look at, with pictures of

ASTEROIDS-THemed BIRTHDAY



A SHORT TIME AGO in a valley far, far away... an obsession for deeper than Space Invaders was born.

locked mechanism it and possibly a steering wheel, but in *Asteroids* machine is one of the most intricate pieces of mechanical equipment you'll ever see. The standard model is just a high-precision wood box with a black-and-white video screen stuck in the middle of it and a light cast of paint decorating its otherwise black sides. There are no lighting lights, no computer-generated rock music, no pictures of 300.

ASTEROIDS is a drug. While you're playing, the rest of the world ceases to exist. You can't even hear what's going on around you. *Asteroids* is such a seductive escape that some men feel guilty about giving in to it. They talk about it as if it were a bordello.

The object of the game is usually as follows: to shoot at and destroy progressively more challenging constellations of space rubble and computer-directed flying saucers. The player's weapon is this confrontation in a two-missile flying spaceship represented by a triangle ship on the screen, which the computer controls by manipulating five white buttons (Up/Left, Up/Right, Thrust, Fire and Hyper Space). The asteroids are sheets of are nothing more than the last two-dimensional planes, the largest sheet an inch in diameter that drift across the screen in curves. Large asteroids are worth 20 points, medium are worth 20, and smalls are worth 10. The player starts out with a fleet of three or four ships (depending on the machine), which he canors one at a time. His game ends if his final ship has either exploded with a salvo or lost a shot out with an enemy saucer. For every 10,000 points he earns, he wins an extra ship. And that, more or less, is all there is to it.

So why the crowd?

"*Asteroids* is a drug," says Doug McLaughlin, an international marketing manager at Atari. "When you play the game, the rest of the world ceases to exist. You can't even hear what's going on around you. People could be breaking chains over each other's heads and you wouldn't notice."

Asteroids is such an addictive escape that some men feel guilty giving it up. "When I use people I know in business, says a fifty-five-year-old fast-food entrepreneur, "we just look at each other as though we'd just lost a bet."

Asteroids isn't an inferior game like chess. It has more in common with fast-paced physical sports like squash and handball, games that demand primarily stored reflexes tied to acute spatial sense.

The best players are those who have learned to perceive a sometimes overwhelming quantity of visual information and translate it into a rapid series of dexterous finger movements. They thrive on a sense of innermost disease. The central rule of the game is kill or be killed, and playing it is utterly absorbing. Players put themselves against mounting arrays of computer-directed adversaries and experience a brief-but-glorifying inflation of adrenalin every time they work their way out of a bind.

"It's really you and the computer playing against each other," says John Fisher, a production manager at Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Company. "It's much like chess, but it's much more complex."

I witnessed my first *Asteroids* game, and I was taken aback. Not because it was so engrossing, I suppose, but because it hurt. I knew what he meant. For the last four months I've been an *Asteroids* addict myself. Being addicted to a video game won't do anything as benign as affect my eye, but my *Asteroids* dependence has brought about definite changes in my life-style. I can't pass a bar anymore without passing into the doorway and searching the darkness for the faint glow plow of an *Asteroids* monitor. Some times I'm struck with courage as strong I'm unable to control them. Not long ago my wife and I, along with four or five friends, stopped into an ice cream parlor in Greenwich Village for a late dinner. Just inside the door was an *Asteroids* machine. While the others ordered sundaes, I dropped my pockets and the game. When I finally came myself right, I was alone.

Fisher's enthusiasm may be somewhat suspect, as his company Warner Amex, is related by marriage to the manufacturer of *Asteroids*. But it makes a certain amount of sense that a user who plays a lot of *Asteroids* would gravitate to his career choice in the field of computers. And there is no denying that Fisher plays a lot of *Asteroids*. "I play it twice a day," he says, "and when I sleep, and when I wake up this morning, and then today at lunchtime." Don't worry; he doesn't have anything to do when he finally puts his head to his wife's soft-padded table in the kitchen. In fact, it was by skip of patch that Fisher came to *Asteroids* at the first place. "I played *Space Invaders* ever since I was a little boy, and I still play all the time. But *Space Invaders* was out of the first place. I don't like the new electronic tables, and I don't like paying they costs for these bills. Now I play video games, and *Asteroids* is the last by far."

I peer over Fisher's shoulder while he plays a game. He moves his hand quickly behind a drifting asteroid and begins to shoot, waggling the base of his ship a little to ignore the bullet's over a wider area. His target splits with a satisfying crunch, and then the fragments detonate as he smashes them with more bullets. He smiles across the screen, dodges bullets as he goes, and laughs, to show off.

"Playing *Asteroids* is a little like directing a television show," Fisher has told me. "When you direct a show, you're in charge of what is generally a state of controlled chaos. You have to think that. There's a level of excitement that builds and builds

Asteroids is something like that. But I don't play it to duplicate something I've found somewhere else. I play it because it offers me something unique."

By now, the machine is thousands of an engine-blowing tempo, a nearly hypnotic rhythm reminiscent of the chafing heartbeat that passed through the soundtrack of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Fisher pauses the 10,000-point mark and strings an agonizing point of suspense from the machine, along with an extra turn. By the time he has worked his way through his last ship, he has earned a score of just over 26,000 points. This is one of the ten highest ever recorded by a human being. Fisher says, "I've never been on a machine that's been recorded by a human being."

"I scratch my back the other day," Fisher says, "and I was taking codine pills to lift the pain. But when I play *Asteroids*, I don't even notice that it hurts."

I knew what he meant. For the last four months I've been an *Asteroids* addict myself. Being addicted to a video game won't do anything as benign as affect my eye, but my *Asteroids* dependence has brought about definite changes in my life-style. I can't pass a bar anymore without passing into the doorway and searching the darkness for the faint glow plow of an *Asteroids* monitor. Some times I'm struck with courage as strong I'm unable to control them. Not long ago my wife and I, along with four or five friends, stopped into an ice cream parlor in Greenwich Village for a late dinner. Just inside the door was an *Asteroids* machine. While the others ordered sundaes, I dropped my pockets and the game. When I finally came myself right, I was alone.

Major obsessions often involve a pilgrimage of one sort or another. In my case this meant a journey to Sunnyvale, Calif. no, down near the southern end of San Francisco Bay. Sunnyvale is one of several thronging outposts in "Silicon Valley," otherwise known as the Santa Clara Valley the cradle of the microprocessor industry. It's also the home of Atari Inc., the manufacturer of *Asteroids*. I wanted to meet the game's inventors and observe them in their natural environment. Among other things, I wanted to see what effect their life at work had on their general outlook. If *Asteroids* was taking over the lives of men in business, what was it doing to the men whose business was *Asteroids*?

Atari has grown phenomenally in the eight years it has been in existence. The company was founded in a showering in 1975 by a twenty-year-old computer engineer named Nolan Bushnell. Bushnell had invented a game containing a token-maze, a low-hurdle course, and a relatively simple printed-circuit board, and he hoped that someone else would be interested in building it. He approached

every company in the amusement field but was turned down by all. He finally realized that if he ever wanted to see his game in production, he would have to manufacture it himself. The game was called *End*. It revolutionized the coin-operated-game business, laying the foundation for the boom the industry is currently enjoying, and brought Atari \$3 million in sales its very first year. In 1976 the company was sold to Warner Communications for \$28 million. Atari, which has consumer-game and computer divisions in addition to its coin-op group, expects last year's total revenues to tally in between somewhere between \$300 million and \$400 million, of which *Asteroids* alone will account for approximately one third.

"Atari," says May Blaustein, an Atari spokeswoman, "is the only game that ever stopped production lines in its plant. At break time, the entire assembly line would stop to play the machine that were mostly to be shipped out. With other games, the guys would just assemble them and then ship up, and that was that. But with *Asteroids*, nobody wanted to work."

Work is a word used very loosely at Atari. When I entered one of the leathered buildings in Atari's self-glorifying complex, the receptionist was playing *Missile Command*, a relatively new game on display in the lobby. Each time her phone rang she ran back to the chair, glancing idly over her shoulder as the cities and space invasions she had been defending were incinerated by enemy attackers. Most of the Atari employees I saw projected an air of almost apathetic bliss. They didn't seem to think of themselves as working. This isn't a company. I used to myself, it's a candy factory.

All video games share a common invention—*Space Invaders* is the grandfather of them all, which began, among other games, *Asteroids*, which began, according to some authorities, Space Invaders, which began, indirectly, *Asteroids*. *Asteroids*, direct ancestor was a game you've never heard of, unless you happen to work at Atari. The game was called *Comus*, and it never got any further than the early-prototype stage in one of the labs on the ground floor of the sprawling building.

Comus was a two-player shoot-up-upgraded-missile-firing game of alien planes and some astronauts," said Kyle V. Koen, new vice-president of engineering at Atari, in whose office I had been deposited. "The mechanics didn't move. But while you were firing and trying to destroy the other player's ship, you could look at them if you wanted to. That was the most interesting part of *Comus*, unfortunately. The game had a short operating life. A year and a half after the funeral, Comus

began to weigh on Kyle's mind. Space Invaders had just been introduced in America, and Atari was looking for a game that would do it one better. So one day Koen was quickly thinking about *Comus*, and thinking about the mechanics, when all of a sudden he began to wonder: What if all those rocks were moving around?

Two weeks later Ed Logg, a programmer, had a working prototype that looked very, very good. Word started to get around. People would drop by Logg's lab just to say hi and then would sit down. It got to the point where Logg was spending a lot of his free leisure time making more and more of these offices. He finally had to buy his prototype, one for his work of art, and another for his colleagues to look at. "For us, it was like *Chicago*," says Logg. "Everyone looked out like the hobbles on *Lovernne Wade*."

Logg's wife is twenty-nine years old. He came to Atari seven years ago, immediately after graduating from Berkeley. He figured he'd work a year or two and then go on to another degree. At Berkeley he had focused in electrical engineering, with a specialization in automatic controls—controlling feedback systems, robot technologies, process controllers, controlling motors—"heavy stuff." Now he's hooked on games, at least for the time being.

"When *Asteroids* was in the lab," Koen told me, "there were nights when I would stay here and eat one or two or the morning, just playing the game. I was seduced." I asked him if he still played. "No, not really," he said. "What you've got to realize is that by the time these games

come begin to weigh on Kyle's mind, Space Invaders had just been introduced in America, and Atari was looking for a game that would do it one better. So one day Koen was quickly thinking about *Comus*, and thinking about the mechanics, when all of a sudden he began to wonder: What if all those rocks were moving around?

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ASTEROIDS is the only game that ever stopped production lines at the Atari plant. At break time, the entire assembly line would run over to play the machines that were ready to be shipped out. They were blissful. This plant was more like a candy factory than a company.

such the market, we've been playing them, sometimes constantly, for no reason, no reason."

Later I was able to spend a couple of hours in Atari's game room, an aisle-wide space purposed to contain one each of every game the company has ever made. Not just a candy factory, but a game store, and something a bit more. My hands slowly buzzed. I played *Video Pinball* and a couple of driving games, then downloaded my attempt at *Comus*. Unfortunately, The game had a short operating life.

So I returned to his place.)

You might think that these men who literally had the game's assets in their hands would be among the hottest Atari fans in the world. But that's not the case. The record score is in the engineering building when *Asteroids* was transferred, but when you play the game, in its original form, it has been beaten to within an inch of its life. A year and a half ago, a man named Koen, who had a 10,000-point record, had a 10,000-point record. This is a very respectable score, by any account, people at Atari begin to

names that players in the field were using, scores many times as high—that they were, in other words, beating the machine, which won't register a score higher than 999.

The engineers were incredulous. They refused to believe that ordinary humans could beat them at their own game. And they didn't start believing it till someone from marketing threw them out to an arcade and made them look for themselves.

"What had happened?" Eugene Lujan, then president of Atari's coin-operated game division, told me, "was that a player had been smart enough to understand the movement and the programming on the product and had come up with strategies of how to work around it. It took about three months for that to happen. Then, all of a sudden, we began hearing the same stories from the players. People had figured out that there was a safe route on the screen."

What Lujan means by "a safe route" on the screen is roughly this: Explaining one of the principal challenges in Asteroids is a fast flying saucer that moves across the screen toward the end of every unshielded row of rocks and four bullets at the player's spaceship. This saucer, if destroyed, is worth one thousand points, but because it has better than average speed, it's a formidable adversary. Or at least it was and players began to figure out that if they picked off all four in two little intervals, they could safely lurk around the edges of the screen and wait for the saucer to appear. If it appeared on the side where they were lurking, they would fire quickly and destroy it before it had a chance to get off a shot. If it appeared on the other side, they would fire off the screen in the opposite direction. Because it would "wrap around" in Asteroids, a couple of quick advances on the saucer's behalf. And that would keep doing that until they had destroyed all four. Asteroids' original designers destroyed the game's logic by introducing a bug that brought it to a halt, or crashed into the saucer, or earned 16,000,000 points, or simply left it sitting. As long as one or two rocks were left on the screen, the little saucer would continue to appear. Playing the lurking game isn't as easy as it sounds—it takes an alert player with a steady eye to pull it off—but once a player gets the hang of it, Asteroids changes noticeably. In fact, it changes a lot.

A few in Asteroids? I'm afraid so, and this is a great philosophical point, one that separates the men from the boys in as the game is concerned. As more people who are familiar with Asteroids know, there are basically two kinds of players: those who play the game and those who bark. Lurking is a working strategy; a method madmen players use to inflate their scores (it's also extremely boring to watch). It's the barking with dynamite.

Happily, the people at Atari didn't bark when almost as much as I do. "What we've done," Lujan told me, chuckling

gaily, "is put together a new program in which . . . But I'd rather not give it away. So let's say that the new feature is available to operators in the form of a computer chip that can be inserted into the printed-circuit boards of existing Asteroids machines. This chip is going to be a popular little item, too, since operators don't make as much money when games last twenty-two hours as they do when they last ninety minutes."

And the engineers had yet another trick up their sleeves. Asteroids Deluxe, Lujan had promised to introduce me to it. Later, your days are numbered.

Then, at the culmination of my Asteroids quest, the gods deigned to reward me a vision of the future: I would be among the very first people in the world to play on Asteroids Deluxe. And here's a taste of what's in store: shooting capabilities, because the arcade where the prototype was being tested was part of a chain owned by Bally Manufacturing Corporation, the American manufacturer of Space Invaders and Atari's largest competitor.

Even though it was already about half past, I insisted—the arcade was filled with nervous players. Bally and I were especially eye-to-eye, and even harder was a place on the Deluxe machine, a striking piece of equipment. It has a new alien spaceship and a Shields button to replace Hyper Space. It has also been entirely reprogrammed. So lurkers, beware.

What changed me around the screen with a dog-eared chip that increased as my score grew. The Hyper Space button was gone. In its place was a button labeled Shields; when I pressed it a circular force field surrounded my ship, protecting me from rocks and bullets but failing and eventually disintegrating with use. The rocks rotated unerringly. The machine, Bally said, would record scores of up to 1,000,000 points.

Asteroids Deluxe was proving very popular. Marketing data from the initial field test indicated that the game was being played virtually every minute the arcade was open. I wasn't so impressed, though. The prototype struck me as unusually silly, something like the Thunderbird after Ford decided to turn it into a full-sized car. An important part of

ASTEROIDS' engineers have a new trick up their sleeves. They call it Asteroids Deluxe, and it's a striking piece of equipment. It has a new alien spaceship and a Shields button to replace Hyper Space. It has also been entirely reprogrammed. So lurkers, beware.

the game's appeal is the uncluttered elegance of its original concept. Chess wouldn't be more interesting if you played it on a discotheque dance floor, and Asteroids can't move interesting when you play it on a one-way mirror. And besides, in four games I didn't score over 30,000.

I'm glad to be back in Playland again, playing a good old first-generation Asteroids. It's four o'clock now, so John Fisher and the rest of the losables are crowded around, which the player looks into. The room made the rocks and vehicles a human to hang in the air. Vaulted through the air was a gaudy printed background of tumbling asteroids and elaborate spaceships and strange stars. The visual effect was stunning, but also unsettling. Soothing Asteroids play requires a delicate diffusion of concentration, at which the player sees everything but looks at nothing in particular. I found it difficult to achieve this state on the new machine. There were too many distractions. Bally said that the problem had come up before, and that the engineers were working on it.

Audie from the strictly moral bureaucracy, the Deluxe prototype had a number of new features added to make the game more challenging. There was a brand-new alien spaceship, for example, which Bally referred to as "the snowflake"; when I shot it, it broke into a half-dozen jagged mor-

phemes that circled me around the screen with a dog-eared chip that increased as my score grew. The Hyper Space button was gone. In its place was a button labeled Shields; when I pressed it a circular force field surrounded my ship, protecting me from rocks and bullets but failing and eventually disintegrating with use. The rocks rotated unerringly. The machine, Bally said, would record scores of up to 1,000,000 points.

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PROGRAMMERS' NOTES: How to Win at Asteroids

Despite the fact that most Atari programmers and engineers are extremely conservative players, they can be harsh people for an Asteroids player to know. Following is a list of hints, tips, and company secrets that ought to improve your game.

- 1. If you want to succeed as if you know what you're doing when you play Asteroids, you can throw around some of the in-house slang that has grown up around the game. If you have grown up around the game, the little flying saucer is called Mr. Bill, his big brother is Staggo. Mr. Bill and Staggo are also known as aliens, which is a company word for the "computer-controlled miscreants" in video games. (There are plays known as Mr. Bill. Each time a series of asteroids is called a soft or loose, Asteroids becomes a soft or loose. Inflated asteroids are referred to as rocks.)
- 2. Staggo lives at random, Mr. Bill lives "Mr. Bill knows where you are, and he knows what direction you're moving in," explains programmer Ed Logg. "He takes the information and picks a vector bounded a few degrees on each side of you, and then shoots randomly inside of that. For this reason, you should never move straight at him. It makes you bigger relative to him. The further away you are, the smaller a target you are."
- 3. The lighter your ship is, the more accurate Mr. Bill becomes. When your score reaches 30,000, he narrows down his firing window and increases his chances of hitting you.
- 4. Although Mr. Bill isn't at you, be doesn't fly at you—at least not on purpose. His movements, like Staggo's, are randomly determined within well-defined limits. His horizontal speed is always the same, which means he moves faster when he changes his angle of movement—something he does every second or so.
- 5. The first wall in an Asteroids game consists of four rocks, the second of six, the third of eight, and so on, increasing walls of two. (In Asteroids Deluxe the sequence is six, seven, eight, nine.)
- 6. The position, direction, and speed of the rocks at the beginning of a wall are random within a certain range. Contrary to what many players believe, the rocks do not speed up as the game progresses.
- 7. Every large rock contains two medium-size rocks, each of which contains two small rocks. Smaller rocks are positioned at random within larger ones. When a moving rock breaks up, the smaller rocks that constitute it will tend to move in the same direction the larger rock was moving.
- 8. "The most important thing to know about Asteroids is that Ed Logg's rocks, although aggressive will occasionally turn off in the opposite direction. It is easier to fire at rocks that are moving away from your spaceship.
- 9. Your spaceship can fire up to four shots at a time. Once these shells have been fired, you can't shoot again until one of them either hits something or it's out of age. The lifetime of a shell is somewhat shorter than the time it would take to travel all the way across the screen.
- 10. Because your ship gun bolts lots of energy, you can sometimes fire in long, snaking streams if you are carefully at compact clusters of rocks.
- 11. If you are moving forward when you fire, your shells won't fire faster than they do if you are standing still. If you are moving backward, they travel more slowly.
- 12. Ed Logg's space ship, like Albert Einstein's, is curved any object that passes near it.
- 13. When you push the Hyper Space button, you have approximately one chance in five of bolting up on necessity, even if you rematerialize in an empty section of the screen. Players who only haulily on Hyper Space are taking their lives in their hands. The best players use the button only in dire emergencies.
- 14. If you invent Asteroids machine one day, never test that week, the operator may have installed a modification let to speed it up. These kids increase the speed of all moving objects on the screen (including your spaceship and its bullet) by close to 50 percent.
- 15. The minimum number of objects that can appear on the screen at one time is thirty-five: twenty-seven rocks, one ship, two drama balloons, your spaceship, and four of your spaceship's bullets. With any more objects that ship, the computer wouldn't have time to make the necessary calculations, and the game would vastly slow down. As it is, if you get close to thirty-five objects, you can sometimes do things like destroy big rocks with single shots—use of the most surprising experiences the game has to offer.



Defying all odds, Charlie Criss has reached the highest levels of professional basketball.

Little Big Man

by RICK TELANDER

He stands eye-to-eye with an average eighth grader but plies his trade among the giants of sports. He's called The Mosquito or Bamm Bamm or Charlie Criss, and he's the smallest player in the NBA

T

HE FIRST TIME I SAW

CHARLIE CRISS PLAY BASKETBALL, I WAS WITH THE SUBWAY STARS IN HARLEM. IT WAS THE SUMMER OF 1974, AND WE—THE SUBWAY STARS and I, shirtless—were strung high in the stands in a City College gym, separated from the other spectators by twenty rows of empty bleachers. We needed the taller of that extra distance because the Subway Stars were a rowdy, contentious group of playground kids from Brooklyn, adept at elbowing scorers. Only the week before, emerging from a pickup game in Central Park, we'd stepped into a food store where a customer had spatied two of the Stars lifting cans of soda and had quickly backed the entire team against the wall

with a cocked, slightly tailoring Legos. Below us now, a token from the Bronx called the Courtjunkies was playing a New Jersey squad, the 2 + 2 Lounge, in the second game of a Rubber League doubleheader. Named after its late founder, Hurricane Rickster, the Hustlers' summer basketball league was—sad release—the stage on which New York playground heroes, teenage greats, and up-and-coming NBA stars annually come together to test the limits of the "city game."

A very short, slightly tailoring guard for the Courtjunkies kept catching my eye. He was accusing a lot of points, darting through heavy traffic, hitting the jump shot, bounding like the master of Heaven in a playground, a foot elsewhere on his back.

ing to themselves, slipping in traps. Broken one of the Stars who the little man was.

"The Mosquito," he said. "Charlie Cross."

I watched him closely. The Mosquito was moving at least half his team's points. He was fast—unusually fast—and when he put the ball up for a shot a star was gone before anyone taller could block it. But it's a player that small could dominate, I assumed, the opposition must be terribly weak. I asked the captain of the Stars, Paulie Billy, if the Mosquito had ever played pro ball. Paulie Billy laughed.

"I mean, check it out. Coach, he serious. Can you imagine this guy in the NBA? I mean, he's just a little too little."

TODAY, AT AGE THIRTY-ONE, CHARLIE CROSS IS IN FACT AND AT LAST, THE LITTLEST MAN IN THE NBA—A DISTINCTION HE HAS HELD SINCE 1972, WHEN HE BROKE IN WITH THE ATLANTA HAWKS. Ted Turner's basketball enterprise. After college it took Charlie seven years of toil and anguish to become a mook pro at age twenty-nine, but if it had taken him forty years to make it, he would probably still have been the shortest man in the NBA. Except for five feet-six-inch Monte Lowe, who made the bench for the Denver Nuggets from 1975 to 1977 (and who intimidate the team only because he was superstar David Thompson's Best Friend), no one who has played big-time professional basketball in the modern era—not Calvin Murphy or Bob Cousy, not Kevin McHale, Larry Bird, Magic Johnson, Bill Walton, or DeMarre Carroll—has stood within an inch of Charlie Cross's height.

And now that Charlie has established himself in the Hawks' third guard, people are suddenly asking questions about him, particularly about how tall he really is.

"I'm five eight," Charlie says, pointing out that in his rookie year the Hawks had a surveyor to measure him precisely. "He's five seven," says his agent, Steve Kaufman. "I know, because he's about a quarter inch taller than me, and I'm under five seven." Upon meeting Kaufman for the first time, owner Ted Turner, over the wristwatch, punched Kaufman in the shoulder and proclaimed, "I'll be damned. A 1-1ing little agent for a 1-avg little player." Atlanta center Tricia Miller, as indignant seven feet one, is Charlie's best friend; he feels that Cross is probably closer to five seven than five eight but that the matter is unimportant. "In the press, the fans, you've seen me go around saying, 'He's tall, he's tall, he's tall!' How tall is that?" Kaufman asks.

After a recent practice session at an arena outside Atlanta, Charlie led himself into his Hawks 251-23, never

so he looked just close enough to the wheel for a child to reach. "I've been this height a long time, and I'm not shrinking," he said in the first, even though he was still talking about himself or his career—two things that have become almost inseparable. "I don't remember ever being bigger than anyone I don't remember ever guarding anyone my size." Like a statue in a field, Charlie has seen the world grow around him like Oahu in *The Thinman*, he in the little boy who did not grow up.

Height isn't everything in basketball, of course, but at least as important as size, weight in itself or speed or timing. An average NBA point guard (ordinarily the smallest star in the game) is over six feet two inches, roughly the size of a 12-year-old boy, at least that tall to effectively drive down, protect the ball, and play defense. The odds against someone like Charlie Cross making the NBA on his own merit are unacceptable. Watching him shoot in his sweat suits, standing alone with forty-four sleeves and size-18 shoes, you suspect that Cross may be lookinly or completely crated; you fear that the story of his drive to the top will be rawkash—or worse.

But it's not. Shifting the 2-car and daughter and spreading down the freeway toward his house in southwest Atlanta, Charlie explained. "From the beginning, size was everybody bigger than me, I just knew I was good."

BORN IN WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, THE OLDEST OF ELEVEN CHILDREN, CHARLIE GROW UP IN YONKERS, WHERE HE SPENT HIS EARLY YEARS PLAYING PUNCH-FOOT and roller skating on the streets. He'd rack, a cook at various local businesses, charged jobs often. Perhaps because of his own shortcomings, the older Charles Cross encouraged his kids to play street games and to make the best of ghetto life.

It wasn't until he was fourteen, though, that Charlie first tried basketball. In an impromptu visit, he shot the ball over the backboard at school tryouts and was immediately cut. "I'd never played the game before," he says. "But new I had to, because all my friends were playing." What he had so drastically contrasted was the state of affairs expressed by former NBA great Dean Meminger's anti-big-player notion: "If you don't play ball, you can't hang out."

During the half year that I hung out in Brooklyn visiting the Sabres, I learned that the playground world is a culture where the tall are as welcome and as highly regarded as a country club's 6-footers. His rules are probably even more refined than those of other social systems, because its members are primarily minority adolescents, eager to be

accepted yet anxious to assert themselves. In the end, of course, a player can break the many association rules, but to do so he has to have a game that is highly evolved and effective, a reputation that is secure.

Charlie immersed himself in the playground society. He found a mentor, an old white man named Ed Foley, a former pro who hung out at the courts behind Yonkers High, where he taught Cross the basics: dribble, pass, shoot, defend. Nothing fancy. Because Ed was teaching him, the style of play Charlie learned was whatever Ed taught people: call "white"—meaning structured, disciplined—as opposed to "black," meaning flamboyant and high-flying. "He never said, 'Hurry! Run!' or 'Chat Wright,' but for six years I never saw Charlie throw a pass behind his back or drive between his legs." Charlie himself says that his style of play is not a matter of race but of ingenuity: "It's like what Oscar Robertson said: 'You can do it straight up, do it."

With friends from Yonkers, Charlie began traveling to Manhattan, where he played at隋康 parks and playgrounds. The lessons he learned there filled out his game. By the time he was a junior at Yonkers High, Charlie was a star. He was quick and tough, a distributor who finished off, he was short.

One of the few major colleges interested in him, New Mexico State, said he would have to go to junior college in Raton, New Mexico, before they'd take him. Charlie went eagerly, embarking on the type of trip that no one terminates a city boy's basketball and educational career: Raton Park, the old-time court he filled with his peers, was a place where he'd returned from distant, small-town junior colleges raised with self-doubt, shattered by loneliness and culture shock. Some couldn't even explain their future, simply staggering and looking away when they were asked what had happened.

Charlie, however, loved New Mexico. He liked the people, the clean air, the desert—and especially the mines. "In the ghetto there were a lot of people saying I couldn't do it, calling me a mook, and isn't that bothered me," he says. Judgments came swiftly on city playgrounds, and young men are crushed more often than buoyed by them.

Charlie Cross, though, simply worked harder. He made junior College All-Americans, and when he came back to Raton in the summer, it was just to play ball—actually tall, ten feet, twelve, twelve, four foot tall. When he got back, he had his friends paint a basketball hoop at the basket and name the backboard. People don't remember Charlie's saying much on the playground. He seldom spoke and never looked. Though he is an exceptional leaper and would sometimes dunk in warm-ups, he never

made it in games. "Jumping wasn't a game for me, and I always wanted to score too much to risk it," he says.

AT NEW MEXICO STATE, CHARLIE BECAME THE PLAY-MAKER ON A TEAM THAT REACHED THE SEMIFINALS OF THE 1970 NCAA TOURNAMENT BEFORE LOSING TO UCLA, the eventual champions. Two of Charlie's acquaintances, Sam Lucy and Jerry Cohen, were selected in the first round of that year's NBA draft, but no one wanted the little man.

Now, in his fourth year at that place, Charlie rejects the notion of a heavy head, particularly for city players, whom he says often look directly to their court skills. Charlie Cross knows all the ways to grow up; he had played every day against renowned players back home. Whereas "The Helicopter," Knowledge, Pre-Wee, Stinkin', The Destroyer," Horn Head, Fly Williams, Earl Magicball—all of them legendary playground idiots who never made it to the pros. They had a variety of flaws, and some had become ghetto symbols, but to Charlie, who had faced them to run on the courts, they were simply losers.

After he was passed up in the NBA draft, Charlie played two years of organized amateur ball for the AAU in New Mexico and then came back to Yonkers. "I knew that if I was ever going to make it, I had to play in New York so people could see me," he says.

He joined a team sponsored by the Eastern Brooklyn Association, a rambunctious bunch that played its games in a place called Clinton Hill, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Quincy, Massachusetts. He played at YMCA's and city parks, and in the summer he joined forces with the Caucasians to play in the Rucker Tournament. He held down menial jobs to pay the rent, and the rest of the time he went looking for games. He played in New Jersey and on Long Island; he played at inauspicious places like "The Hoe" in Brooklyn, where players' hands often bleed from glass particles embedded in the ball; he played on the stage tents against the Boston Globe section; he played in pickup games at Yonkers High; he played without any significant recognition for five years, during the way he was twice named MIPV (most improved player) in the Association, leading the league in scores with remarkable average averages of 30, 30, 30, 34 points per game from 1965 to 1970. In the Rucker he was never to run against such NBA stars as Nate Archibald and Lloyd Biro. Charlie would score his points against them, and they'd invariably tell him afterward what a shoo it was that he wasn't playing in the NBA. Steve Kaufman, then the commissioner of the East-

ern Association, sped franticly to get Charlie a tryout with a big-league team, but no one was interested. They all dismissed him as too short.

Then, one stormy night in January 1976, Charlie scored a league-record 72 points for the Sonoran Apollos in a game against the Houston Hawks. On his drive home with two of his teammates, Charlie slumped in the passenger seat, exhausted and empty. He was twenty-six, he'd been out of college ten years, and he'd just earned forty dollars for scoring more points than he had ever scored in his life. The team were driving because they had to be at work in the morning, and because they couldn't afford money to eat on the highway and had decided for a meal of travel. Walking this approach, Charlie never helped Charlie on the way up, and perhaps because of that, he is not now a sentimental man. Of that game he says only, "I don't know if it was emotional or not. I was tired and I was practicing my hand-shoo out, but Charlie saw I was hot and kept me in."

"I just couldn't stand feeling like that," he says now, referring to the dead-end frustration of a professional-caliber player unable to earn a living with his game. "But drugs and alcohol, the usual escape, had never worked for him; basketball was my escape," he says. "So I just kept on."

The next summer he got the first break of his career in color. The New York Knicks offered him a tryout, and Charlie showed up twice as healthy as he'd been all year. The Knicks cut him after five or six days, however, without letting him play in a single exhibition game. "We can't use you," was all general manager Red Holzman had told him.

Charlie returned home and found that because of his disease he'd lost his job at the insurance company where he'd worked. He considered going up the game, he didn't know if he could go back to the Eastern League, back to earning expenses at least, to playing amateur, any place, with anybody, always producing but never being taken seriously. He pressed on, he says, only because "I thought these were still time, that maybe it wasn't too late."

A year later the Atlanta Hawks, coming off a disastrous season, were offering tryouts to anyone who could stand on his feet and shoot a basketball. Coach Hobie Blum selected Cross, and this was Charlie's second that Blum was different. "Blum promised me he wouldn't cut me off after the exhibition season, and he even gave me a thousand-dollar bonus. He told me to relax and just play. But I couldn't. I wasn't used to getting a break."

Charlie was twice all through the season, but he showed that he was a quick team player and sturdy enough to hold up his end on defense. When the final cuts were made, Charlie had survived. He signed his first NBA contract for \$30,000, the league minimum.

Years of heartbreak had made Cross cautious about choosing the real job he felt, and, indeed, his troubles were not over. His father, who had planned to watch Charlie play as a pro for the first time when the Hawks' westerly Knickadeal in 1973, died suddenly of leukemia. Charlie went home for the funeral, devastated, colors white to his fingers, and had to be hospitalized.

In and out again he had, though work and wife—

—carrying a 40-hour, 20-day week. Of them as the fourth quarter shot, Sonorous never helped Charlie on the way up, and perhaps because of that, he is not now a sentimental man. Of that game he says only, "I don't know if it was emotional or not. I was tired and I was practicing my hand-shoo out, but Hobie saw I was hot and kept me in."

It will never be easy for Charlie in the NBA. Big, quick guards like Norm Nixon and Reggie Theus will always cause him problems. Big men are literally threats to Charlie as well, particularly when he's in debt. In 1976, 100 feet—see Laila Elsner of the Indiana Pacers to his wife—Charlie was driving for a lay-up. Cross landed out of bounds on his right shoulder, separator, a body enough to require surgery. While recovering he carried a hard weight with him everywhere, which did the trick to give him a new nickname. "I started calling him Blubie," says Blum, after Blaney Bobbin's bad on *The Pinhead*, says Blum. "I told him he was the strongest little kid in the league."

ONE DAY RECENTLY AT AN ATLANTA SHOPPING CENTER, I WATCHED WHILE TWO TEENAGE BOYS WALKED UP BEHIND CHARLIE IN A CAMELIA STORE AND SILENTLY measured themselves against him. As they walked away, I heard one say what I knew he would: "Man, I'm as tall as him. I could play pro ball."

He couldn't, of course. Charlie Cross is an outstanding player, who happens to be the size of an eighth grader. For his skills and drive he is finally getting his due, having recently signed a new contract with the Hawks for close to \$70,000 per year. "We think Cross is cool," says Hobie Blum. "When he's out there, he's tall. He's tall, he's tall, he's tall. His ability to handle the ball without turning it over. The only way Charlie can be is if they're me."

Charlie took success in Atlanta, a city he says he will not leave even when he's

through with basketball, in three or four years. He lives with his wife, Mary, and their three children in a five-bedroom house—the only home Charlie has ever owned—in a low-income segregated neighborhood about fifteen miles south of the Hawks' home-court. A pine forest borders the back yard, and a single greenwood is a comforting smell. Charlie's yard is quite large, but moving it is still a novelty for him, as he fits in with parkour among road traps and practices. Although he is not always recognized even in his own neighborhood, Charlie's image is a household name across Africa to Florida, because most Hawks games are broadcast over WBBF-TV, the "World's Superstation." Charlie likes that. "It's nice to see people recognize us on the street," he says. "It's nice if you can see one when I play."

Watching Charlie now as he sits in his living room with his wife, I found myself thinking back to the playground, to a nineteen-year-old we called Little Ernie, who desperately wanted to be part of the Sixty-Six Stars but couldn't; overcome the fact, that he was only five feet tall. "I can go up, but bigger guys really hit that shot," was how Ernie told us. "The shot just be a little too little." Ernie was a good lad at heart, but he was never really the same after his rejection by the Stars, and you could see that he wouldn't be able to hold on once his grip began to slip. In 1977, he was stabbed to death by some bigger guys in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

It is easy to explain how Charlie Cross made it, more difficult to explain why. And even if we did know, it is doubtful whether we could turn that knowledge to our own use. The source of the desire that enables one man to outlast the rest is an enigma as his fingerprints, as personal as his family history.

"I not once where my drive came from," said Charlie. "I know I was good, like I said, but it was a combination of a lot of things. I wanted to prove something to people. I wanted to get out of New York, and I wanted to make money, man."

Charlie shrugged and gazed off at the TV. Earlier, we had discussed Fly Williams, a six-foot-five leaper from Brooklyn who led the college ranks in scoring one year in the early Sixties. Fly never made it to the NBA. The reason, his son was "attitude," he was a bad guy, a head case.

"Fly has as much talent as anybody," Charlie said. "But some things in your makeup you just can't change." I wondered about how Fly could keep playing in scrappy games, knowing where he was throwing away "big contests," Charlie said. "I guess he doesn't care."

For a moment it looked as though Charlie was going to continue. But he paused, and the conversation died. I knew what he was going to say, though. That Charlie Cross has never stopped caring.

How to Play Short Against a Big Man

OFFENSE

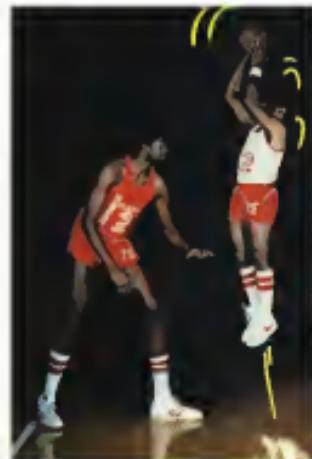
POWER

Dribbling: Charlie Cross embodies the old school of basketball. He is tall, but spends less time on the floor or in the air and uses time on his hand, which gives him greater control and speed. "I move especially hard on the baseline," Cross says. "The quicker the ball gets back up to your head, the faster you move."

GOING UP FAST
Cross believes a little man should have a

quick yet disciplined jump shot—shot that can be learned to successfully since a taller defender can shoot. Says Charlie Cross: "It doesn't matter how tall you are if you're the one who's up there first."

GET THE DEFENDER IN THE AIR: By taking a short, low, quick move for an easier follow-up shot, a short player can move in close where the airborne defender will come down on him, thus committing a foul.



THE SPIN, OR "THE PEAK." ONE MOVE

This move, first popularized by Earl "The Pearl" Monroe, turns the early Seventies, was once thought of as "disloyal" but is now considered fundamental by coaches.

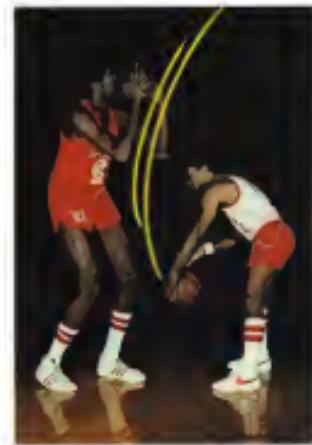
The spin allows a player who is moving with the ball to change direction without switching the dribble to his other hand. It is accomplished by an elusive player who does a complete 360-degree turn in front of the defender but continues to dribble with the same hand. The spin is often used by a short man, as that is precisely where arms opponents from reaching around and stealing the ball, which they normally try to do when the defensive man changes hands on the dribble.

ACTING OUT FOULS: "Foul don't make it any easier for little guys," says Charlie. "They know that you're getting knocked around just because you're small, not because you're actually getting fouled." To compensate, Charlie often does some strong star contact, exaggerating the effect of the foul.

STRENGTH: For a short player, sheer strength is a critical factor. Both Charlie Cross and Calvin Murphy, the second-tallest men in the NBA have stocky, muscular builds. "When you drive to the hole and really get ripped," says Cross, "you've got to be strong enough to take the blow and still get the shot off."

DEFENSE

HAND SPEED One aspect, according to Cross, is speed and need to be exceedingly quick with all his moves. It's especially valuable to have可塑性 hands. Playing in close and snapping the ball out of the hands of his equals as he does for his shot is an excellent way of multiplying his height advantage.



FORCE YOUR MAN TO THE BASKET LINE: THE SPIN

It's a big move after part two. Charlie makes a quick back for the ball and then for a second ("Rich" charges off foul on that), he says. Instead, he spins to a cobra position, sets himself, and hopes the man will run into his, thereby committing a charging foul.

FOREARM CHECKING: The hand check was outlawed two years ago, but, curiously, most players now still practice it, as do their coaches on opponents to show their progress. For the lefty Cross, this technique is vital. "You learn it," says Cross, "and use your forearm as a blade."

He wasn't paranoid.

A bona fide liberal, he lived peacefully in an affluent

Los Angeles suburb.

Then one night he needed fast action from the police, and they came too late. That's when he decided to acquire a skill for our time

Shooting to Kill

by Peter A. Lake

Some people prey now after people.... It has always been so and it is not going to change.

Twenty-four of us, bashed and tense in aerobatics seats for the pep at the Status Clapet, sat crowded in small classrooms in the middle of Arizona's cow country. Art-9-Ma's men had already marched 300 degrees, while we waited for the man who would teach us his art. We had excused in a course to learn how to shoot to kill. Not over or quasi or bumpy subjects, but magpies, crows, assassins, and the other fellow robots that haunted our dreams. A skill for our times. To acquire this skill we'd just \$50 for instruction, around \$50 for ammunition, our own transportation costs, and room and board for six days.

It is assumed in some circles that if you can't run or enjoy shooting guns, you are either a right-wing fanatic or a coward.

password. So you should know that my name appears on Richard Nixon's enemies list and that I have an American Civil Liberties Union card, a Sierra Club card, an Audubon Society card, and a Democratic party voter-registration card. But after an assaulting incident in Los Angeles, where I live, I stashed them all neatly in a drawer beneath a box of 45-caliber ammunition and sent a \$100 deposit to the Gunsite Ranch in Arivaca, Arizona.

On Saturday night I was riding my Norikita terrace on the sidewalk between my apartment building and the Western Club. These condominiums in my neighborhood start at \$550,000 but only a few blocks away lies Venice proper, well known as the roller-skating capital of the Western world. It is also home to a large percentage of the hard-core drug addicts in Los Angeles.

As the Levrier pulled me along, an attractive woman dressed only in pants and a short negligee came running toward us. She ran out, also, recruiting for some party.

"They're in my apartment with guns and knives," she panted, gesturing toward

my building. "Two men had broken in while I slept. Did a pillowcase over her boyfriend's head, and boy was the valentines. She has escaped."

I took the terror and the terrified back to my apartment and called the police.

Los Angeles offers no quick three-fifteen emergency number, so I dialed the operator, who, after three tries, finally connected me with one of those internal machines that serve the utilities well but

make a mockery of emergency service. "This is a recording. You have reached the Los Angeles Police Department. All our lines are busy now...."

In a city that has almost implausibly staged the country's nations of circus fighting through thousands of movies and television shows, a city that has a former policeman for a mayor, a city that prides itself on efficient municipal services and smooth operations, in that dem-Bible on the Pacific, I listened helplessly to a disembodied voice and imagined that only a few yards away a mad Michael right be

beating out of a sheet paper and spelling out the carpet.

Leaving the telephone holding the phone, I grabbed my Colt .45 1911 Government Model pistol and ran downstairs, full of hope and fear, a fool audacious for the rule of Sargeant York. I had never heard the gun, did not even know whether it would shoot or, if it did, whether I could hit anything.

The woman's male friend was standing outside her apartment, paternally holding a kitchen knife that glistened unctuously. The burglar had died, and he, too, pursued by his own de-

mons, would soon leave that apartment, forever.

Eighteen minutes after I dialed the police, an officer answered their emergency phone. "Progression," Darlene ready hit us, "he said. "We're really punctual, and it's going to get worse."

These it was, the ugly little truth we keep in the dark corners of our psyches, suddenly popping into the light and striking its dagger out at us: the police will come eventually, and fill our homes and clean up any mess lying around, but until they do we'll just have to wait patiently.

*This question and those in italics on the following pages are from "Answers of Personal Questions," by Jeff Cooper © Faber & Faber 1973.

Peter A. Lake is a writer/producer for *Zero to Sixty*. This is his first article for *Esquire*.



The next day the woman brought a bullet shirt. I was looking for a paratrooper course," he says. "I got Cooper's place in Arizona," a grandfather said. "He's the best."

It is true that a victim who fights back may suffer for it, but our one who does not almost certainly will suffer for it. And, suffer or not, the one who fights back retains his dignity and his self-respect.

Jeff Cooper shaped the podium in front of the chafford and gave a grim look. Although he was dressed in civilian clothes, he wore a belt with a massive buckle bearing the eagle, globe, and anchor of the Marines, thereby giving the impression of a military man who accepts superficial distinctions of rank, no nonsense style.

A barrel chest, a rigid six-inches-wide frame, short, flanging bars, and steel-ribbed eye-ports completed the image of a retired Marine who had been a Marine. He was a Marine, Pacific theater, World War II, and in Southeast Asia during the Korean War. Now the policies perhaps account for his strong martial air: being Cooper's master of arts diploma from the University of California, he earned the degree fifteen years ago, at age forty-two. (The diploma that represented his teacher's start in political science later Stanford was misappropriated from the wall, but a certificate of appointment as adjunct professor of political science from Northern Arizona University hung beside the M.A. Cooper's course can be taken for college credit.)

Jeff Cooper, a Senior Captain Master of the Southwest Pistol League, is a legend among handgun shooters. As a contributor to several shooting magazines and the author of *Cooper on Handguns*, his gunsmith's worldwide reputation as a teacher and developer of practical pistol shooting—shooting for fun, not just for competition or target practice, for pleasure, for fun—has been the cornerstone of the slow-but-surely semiautomatic pistol in the weapon of choice for self-protection. Most of the class knew what to expect: only three numbers brought revolvers. Two were police officers who carried them on duty; the third was left unsure about operating an automatic.

Before I met the other eleven twenty-three men—this was one of the few classes in a five-year history of Gunsite Ranch without women—I had imagined they would all be bedrock Republicans. Guns and the politics thereof. I thought, principally divide along party lines. The Right is for the Left, and those in the middle try to find some system of permits, registration, and licensure that everyone can live with. And of all the shooting teams—those who fire rifles, shotgun,

or handguns—no group fires under instruction, and therefore incites stiffer restrictions, than the handgun shooters. Even though gun owners who shot John Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. certainly did not intend to harm the public.

Today, Jeff Cooper for example. His power, Gwinster says, "His Latin grammar was precise. (Barb) said, 'John, is the course revised?' and a second hand was down directly on the answer book."

DBC reasons that to balance power, speed, and accuracy one should shoot a large bullet as quickly as possible but take care to shoot accurately. It is the basic law that makes sense of all the bulletistics: theories of stopping power, hardware, styles, and handloads of other variables that accompany a 450-year-old skill perfected in close combat.

Finally, Cooper spoke at length: "The ability to keep that pistol on for the rest of your life is a function of the holster. Bear in mind that you're going to wear it forever."

For me? I set up with a start from my semidetached latrine later came to know as "coaching while." Up to now I had been semiconscious, transfixed by the beauty of a new language. Now, a pistol is for defense. So, I could use it if my life depended on it. In the JTC: Mervin. But, I wear it forever? The rest of my life? Everywhere? Like some kind of tattoo defiance? No? Never? At a dead end on the beach? Shit!

The latrine colonel had said my mind. "One of my students was killed in the bathroom while he shaved because he did not have his pistol within reach. Two men took in and shot him dead." I later learned that the victim was a Latin American diplomat.)

As a young soldier, Cooper informed us that we could walk around with our guns loaded, as long as they were holstered. He sensed our nervousness and thought to calm us with an associate student's young boy who walked up to a Texas Ranger and saw that the man's gun was cocked. The boy said, "It's loaded."

"Fug," the Ranger said. "What does that mean?" "You're being held."

The class laughed nervously. "Can you think of anything more useless than an unloaded gun?" Cooper asked. No one said yes.

The editor cautions that the right of self-defense exists ... Violent crime is feasible only if its victims are unarmed.

Cooper turned us over to his chief instructor for advice in operating the 45 automatic. Like most men in this year's batches, Chuck Taylor had started to grow soft in the middle, with a roundness that bulged slightly beneath an orange T-shirt bearing the legend c. coopers 100% P.M. CLUB. His cherubic face was partly hidden behind

dark aviator glasses and a blue baseball cap pulled down over his forehead. He wore a mustache and a goatee, and he should be a perfect eye from shoulder, also so one could never tell whether he was leaning to the side or straight ahead.

Although he resembled an unstable businessman, his bearing betrayed his true occupation—gunsmith. Always Taylor was steadily alert. When he talked, he commanded. When he moved, it was with economy and precision. And when he pulled his 45 from its holster, he demonstrated all the grace and ease of a Bill Williams hitting a home run. He has since left Gunsite to open his own self-arm training school.

Taylor held the 45 aloft. "This is just a tool, but any time you misuse a machine, you may not get a second chance. One of these saved my life twice."

A student, however, he was shot—by a North Vietnamese regular. Two bullets had passed through his side in the instant he failed to shoot the North Vietnamese with a submachine gun.

He was much interested as an officer but eventually quit the Army in disgust. His harbors a deep abhorrence toward the military. "Our involvement in Southeast Asia was a crime, a mockery," he says flatly. "We had disappontments and broken promises all along the Bay of Pigs, Hungary, Vietnam, Rhodesia and South Africa, probably everywhere."

"The military has no teeth," that's why I got out. Nobody has the guts to make a decision and take responsibility. People come here because they want to take some control over their lives. They have one thing in common: they find the need for self-preservation. They're willing to do something about what's wrong in the world."

After lunch, we gathered at the range and drew a dozen target-sized aluminum targets two feet apart. On my left stood Jeff Cooper, his 45 pointed at the mountain, but it wasn't cocking at fast enough. He was silent. "I just want to become good with a gun so I can protect myself, and also for the fact of it. I don't want to hurt anybody, just be safe," he said. His father had accompanied John Gwinster to the course because he was a novice.

Cooper had told us that the draw for most of us had always called off his new become known as the presentation. We began drawing, or projecting, to Chuck Taylor's count. Our right hand on gun. The left hand goes forward, gun comes out of holster. Three. Projectiles advance half way from holster to left hand, and safety comes off. Four. Bullets just begin goes into trigger. Five. Gun raised, and focus changes from target to front sight. Six. Six. Seven. (We are over my gun range.) A little hole appears in the target, just where it is supposed to.

My new holster kept catching the front sight, so Ross Colson, another instructor, loaned me his. That sped up my draw presentation, but even so, John Gwinster was slow, taking a minute to get his gun out of the holster and straight to the target. A regular Billie the Kid.

Another fresh-faced angler, Robert Staples, had come to Arizona with his father, a Massachusetts businessman.

Two, looked swallow and gaudy yet drew

fast as the wind. While we watched the younger Robert Staples imitate native shooting with his rifle, the older Robert Staples told the story I would hear many times at Gunsite: "There's two more couches there those days. Things have just gone out of hand. We live in a quiet town, but we've seen some pretty rough things have happened."

A thonger, Welby Schrader, had

one of the skills of his contemporaries,

overweight and wearing short camouflage look, he looked like a pile of leaves and was a gun. The round hole he had shot through the target was a target.

Then Cooper and the other instructors. Apparently he had never had much discipline inflicted on him, but gradually he began to pull himself together.

By this end my thumb and hand were

blistered from operating the safety and drawing the gun. Yet I kept on pricking back in my mind, this one dry-branch in front of the range. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Draw, click, draw, draw, draw, click, draw. For an hour I drew my gun over and over, happy that with the will was made black in case some student forgot to unload his weapon before pricking.

One did. And that took back my eye

in his eye, drawing it precisely in the sights of his right-fisted-dollar gun.

The long disengaged site-seeing

was a few minutes later the motocross

clipped placidly down to two.

"It's through practice you."

I had never seen many masters

the student was up to this point.

The next morning Cooper had changed

his brown clothes for blue but still looked

as if he were in uniform. While he demonstrated the draw-presentation, he talked about trigger pull, about response, about mental attitudes. It all seemed to be simple. Draw and shoot.

"Unless you have to engage another

opponent immediately," he said, "shoot

twice to make certain you've neutralized

yourself."

"We've had a hand-muscle

attitude at that we chanted: 'Twice in the hand! Guarantee to leave them dead.'

When one of us brought up the point

that a sort of low might not be a particu-

larly smart the way we see it when we

shot somebody. Cooper repeated an aphorism everyone in the class had heard many times: "Better tried by twice than

carried by six."

He nodded when he said it, but like ev-

It may be your social duty to resist.

Most on my fellow students. John Lear, a retired schoolteacher, was the first to arrive. John, the son of the Lear, the engineer and industrialist, John and his father had never gotten along. A professional pilot, John had flown all over the world, often working in trouble spots for various governments agencies, and had earned a \$5 for years. "I come here," he said, "because I found better ways how to shoot my gun, and there's no other place that can train you as well."

Joe and Bob Price, aged twenty-five and thirty, had both worked with guns. Tali, this, and pale, Joe, was a Florida guard. His brother, shorter and heavier, had once worked as a guard at a Sanctioned prison, but he'd given it up to return to college, but, who had recently converted to the Mormon church, was without money. "I'm a target, but not pre-targeted."

John had been recruited as a recruit but eventually quit the Army in disgust. His harbors a deep abhorrence toward the military. "Our involvement in Southeast Asia was a crime, a mockery," he says flatly. "We had disappontments and broken promises all along the Bay of Pigs, Hungary, Vietnam, Rhodesia and South Africa, probably everywhere."

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attitude at that we chanted: 'Twice in the hand! Guarantee to leave them dead.'

He nodded when he said it, but like ev-

across them, he was nervous about not wanting to feel afraid.

"I did it for a hobby and for self-defense," the other physician, whom I'll call John, told me. "He seemed a clinic in Phoenix with other doctors and felt he was a genuine target for drug dealers. 'I've gained a lot of confidence in pistol handling, and I feel very good about it.'

Neither has nor morally justifies our *driving someone past because we think he might attack us*

Five standing positions five feet and ten yards from the target, we moved back and went into kneeling and prone positions. My shots were becoming accurate, and my speed was improving. I was getting ready to go home.

The next morning Cooper began discussing tactics when to shoot. Someone asked what to do if a state or patrol, perhaps a cop, shot, and doesn't stop. Cooper loved that question. "It's very satisfying if you get a man-on-man, the good shot doesn't worry a bit," he said. "Let me get shot. That means he's easier to hit. Then you get the next one here—right between the eyes."

"It's a wrenching decision to shoot to kill another human being. The only man who can kill easily is crazy." It was one of the few lines he ever used with total enthusiasm.

To help us deal mentally with lethal situations, Cooper described four types of mind, each one color-coded. White is unaware, the most naive of the average person. Yellow is relaxed and alert. Orange is ready for a specific danger. Red is ready to fight.

Cooper believes we should live in yellow, above all, aware of everything going on around us. Yellow is alert for danger and alert for beauty as well, with the sensory alert and the mind fresh. No one in competition yellow will be caught by surprise.

Once we accept that our feelings and private environment is in fact perilous, we automatically sharpens our senses

By Wednesday afternoon, we were expected to be means of our assassination and never to carry our gun handles misleading. If we did, we were the class a case of heat. An empty gun was all too easy to spot; when a .45 automatic, the heavy side flicks back. Every so often the cry "Boo!" could be heard on the range.

The next morning Cooper lectured us on the choice of the .45-caliber automatic. With figures and anecdotes he impressed his contention that the .38-caliber had

popularity with the police is inadequate for the job. "The burden of proof may be on me," he said. "That's why we use the largest caliber possible."

Thursday's work at the range was the closest thing yet to a real conflict. We engaged multiple targets, doing away with the targets, positioned reloading quickly. The gun that had been so awkward and so slow to me only a few days before had become familiar and comfortable. I knew I would want to wear it while shooting, but perhaps I wouldn't mind taking it out for a walk, after all.

Friday was Dodge Day. Dodge is a 200-word for dach, and Cooper's slogan was certainly in good in one could hope to find in the West. Small targets were hidden in the bushes and around the bends of a long, ten-foot-deep dry stream bed. The student had to identify the targets and the best way to shoot them. I was seated everywhere else in Arizona, so I had to go to target or took too long to hit. I was, "killed." An open slide meant he bought a case of beer. Simple rules, nothing at all like baseball. Late, death.

Rossi Colman and I moved steadily from one side of the arroyo to the other, seeking cover and targets. We William Holden and Mickey Rooney after they were shot down by the North Koreans in *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*. I met the same fate they did. Had the targets been silver instead of steel plates, I would have been killed two or three times.

Violent crime is to be avoided, it is only the unarmed victim who can do it. The killer does not fear the police, and he fears neither you nor me. Therefore what he must be taught is that he is not welcome

I tried to keep Cooper's words in mind as I searched my weapons for the sunshine. I was now seeing the Fox House, or "indoor reaction range," which tests all of one's practical shooting knowledge and simultaneously gives a strong sense of the humor and confusion that must accompany any real gunfire.

I turned from house, knowing that a gunpowder smell would fill the corners, cracked open my safe, I walked in and sensed down the long dark corridor. I cracked, ready to attack, the realized that I was running incorrectly. My sights picked up the target of a black woman benignly holding a bag of groceries at the dark end of the hall.

A voice boomed out, "You killed Willy the lonely motherfucker. How you gonna do." I saw no one. Suddenly the target of the woman with groceries was thrown aside, and the figure of a man with a shotgun appeared. I assumed and shot quickly, connecting once with the center of his chest. He disappeared.

I sprang into the hall but saw no one ahead, so I turned quickly to my left to find another shot at a business suit. That one was being used as a shield by a revolver-carrying woman in a red sweater. I was afraid I would hit the man, so I jumped back through the door. A mistake. Now she would be ready for me.

A (quarantine) man with a revolver, trying to stay away? No problem. Rossi, A little louder down the hall? Rossi, Rossi. Rossi. Plain, amateurish law enforcement justice had been administered overshadowingly to all.

Colman had followed me through that time, and he'd snuck in at me when I finished. "Nice job. You killed them all, like a butcher."

Now I was ready to go into the Run House again, this time to perform more precisely. I had been well trained, either that training was implanted and I would succeed without thinking, or I would get rattled and fail. I holstered my pistol and checked my spoke magazine, two in a hidden in my left hip, two in my back pocket. Thirty-six shots had seemed like enough, but now I wanted another magazine just in case. Absurd. I'd nevered that much ammunition would be used during a competition level gunning caught with a minimum level and my hands lacked back and being forced to release the open. If that happened, I'd need to aim. I had cracked the end of the solid wall that projected me, and now I had to turn right. I took a step, pivoting quickly, and kicked in the door facing me. Before it swung fully open, I had cracked off the safety, raised the gun, and caught in my sights the target of a man standing in the shadows, not three feet away. My finger tightened on the trigger—three, three and a half pounds of pressure on a four-point trigger. He held some metallic objects in his right hand. Jimmy Carter gun and his business suit. The image of a reporter with a tape recorder stood steadily in front of me, malla hands from catching a bullet in his teeth.

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"Drop the gun, lady." "Don't shoot me, mister," a voice said

with a whine—the voice of the hostage. "Let that right go."

"Come and get him, asshole." The woman's voice.

If I jumped across the corner again, she would be only feet away, just about the average distance of most gunfire exchanges. I holstered her hand and right side would be exposed enough so that I could get a shot without hitting the hostage. I'd aim for her gut and reload.

"Die, bitch!" I yelled, and leaped into the hall and fired. One hit in the gun hand and one in the right breast. God, that was an ugly sweater.

Her boyfriend came at me from the right. Rossi. Rossi. Two in the belly. Another man ran down from the ceiling. Rossi. The right leg. Rossi. The chest, but only barely. Still, I had to check the room before going on. I shook so much and was breathing so hard that I could barely move.

I had started to take magazine, Rossi. I had almost reached the gun when Rossi took my front sight. My arms were weak, my legs and spread the air in utterance, though, rather than held with the left arm now as I'd been taught. My concentration was crumpling in the face of the onslaught, just as Cooper had said it would.

When the next round appeared from behind a wall, I made my worst mistake. I shot once, then realized I'd used lightning-round when the shot crackled stayed back, exposing the insides of my useless weapon. The empty magazine clattered on the floor as I swapped in another.

Outside the room and down another hall, I could see another target being led by his horrific but couldn't get shot. He cracked the hall and he took a chance on exposing himself, he might have me. I had to chance it. I am. Another man. Rossi. Rossi. Turn one behind me. Shoot again. And again. More people, more gun, more shots, and I was firing like a deranged, untrained animal. I was running, running, out of bullets again with my sidekick and reloading and shooting as far and as fast as I could.

Colman arrived and pointed behind me. "You forgot one," he said. Behind in a corner was last grammar. Once more I turned and fired, but it was useless, a futile gesture of anger at my own stupidity. I could feel my energy bolts rip through my flesh. The instructor laughed and told me I owed two cases of beer.

At dusk I found Jeff Cooper and his wife at their house, which is built on a hill and commands a view for miles around. Southwest stage architecture. Small bedrooms with a sit to shoot through porticos from the sides of the exterior walls so no one can hide against the walls and be protected from fire. In the center of the living room, a spiral staircase leads to a study-bedroom. In the basement is an armory, a small but select collection of weapons

guarded by a heavy door from a bank vault. Sitting in the glow of the setting sun, Cooper seemed proud of what he had achieved at Granite Ranch. "We've got two hundred and ten acres," he said. "The American Pistol Institute is here, about three hundred students are well trained and shaped up. For the rest of us, he had done exactly what he had predicted, taken people with little or no familiarity with handguns and made them capable of handling a pistol quickly, safely, and accurately under stressful conditions.

Any who is a man may not, on lesser account to threats of violence

One night a few weeks later, back in Tucson, I found myself on the beach. I ran distances, 40 in one hand, 40 in the other. Finally on the 10th, I lay down on the sand, ready to unhook a 100-lb. hand-held, just as I had been taught.

Jimmy, a Tucson neighborhood detective, was struggling with a 60-lb. man who was struggling to take him down. I sprang forward, took him down, and Jimmy was unhooked. He was a decent worker. I'd never be content. Human beings should never be content.

When an extensively trained police officer from one of the larger departments makes a false 40 hours of his first... his fitness... and often his component death, as due to his lack of concentration upon his machine-handling—the "less of his cost."

On Saturday we had our final exam and graduation. Cooper, in right about less of cool, at least 100 in my case. My nerves were cracked from lack of sleep and from the strain of competition, of trying to hold the liberal humanist ideal. In one of the exercises, called El Presidente, I cracked, otherwise, my arms rigid, and aimed at the target instead of through my sights and dropped my gun. I was in the middle of the range, in the middle of the line, and I was the last to drop my gun. I was the last to be hit. I thought, to be honest, it would be like, I thought, to be honest with a 45, the rip in the human tissue and the vital spirit escaping like gas from a punctured balloon.

All I could think of was that if I were going to carry a gun, as I was now doing, I had best not make an error. Somehow the dazed man explained that he was amputated, but I was still with a gun. I took his hand. I went to eat for help, and the man with a gun would eat with me. Suddenly we were hit by a bright light. I caught sight of a police officer.

"They've got gun," the policeman said to his partner.

"Don't shoot," I said, throwing up my hands.

The partner unhooked his holster, lived with his hands up and even though I was walking, I unconsciously shifted my weight so that I could draw quickly.

"Are these guns loaded?" one policeman asked.

"You damn bitches."

"Next time call the police when you need help," the first officer said, as he walked back to his car. But he knew, the other policeman, Jimmy the detective knew, the neighbor who had gathered knew, and I knew that we would reach for the phone only as a last resort. ♦



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A Doctor Prescribes

WHY MEDICINES MAKE ME NERVOUS

BY WILLIAM A. NOLEN, M.D.

I have been a practicing doctor of medicine for more than twenty years, and I am ready to admit that medicines make me nervous. I'm not just talking about the fourteen pills I take every day for my own ailments (see box, overleaf); I'm talking about a more important matter: the more than thirteen billion prescriptions written each year by experienced physicians for the suffering likes of you.

Let me begin by shaping a simple Abel on the contents of this article: THERE ISNO SUCH THING AS A COMPLETELY SAFE MEDICINE. Any time a doctor writes a prescription, he knows that he is subjecting his patient to a certain amount of risk. He does not know exactly what the medicine will do, but he is alert to the possibility that it may harm. If he is in doubt, he does not take this responsibility lightly. He weighs a number of factors before he puts his pen to the prescription pad, and then, from the dozen or so medicines that might alleviate or cure the condition he wants to treat, he selects the one that will do the job best. Here are the things he must consider:

First—and this isn't as easy as it may seem—the physician has to decide whether any medicine at all is necessary. Some many diseases are self-limited, the physician must decide whether or not the benefit to be gained by giving a medicine (either of pain, perhaps, or possibly a shortening of the duration of the ailment) is worth whatever risks the administration of the medicine may entail.

Consider, for example, a patient who

THE AUTHOR IS A FELLOW OF THE
AMERICAN COLLEGE OF RHEUMATOLOGY



is suffering from aches, physical therapy and other measures for the relief of discomfort know that with bone, not, and, perhaps, judicious use of aspirin (assuming the patient is not allergic to aspirin and does not have a stomach that is sensitive to it), the pain will get better in about six to eight days. However, there is a medicine called Sine Compound, manufactured by Wallace, that contains camphorated phenacetin, and caffeine, and though no one knows exactly how camphorated and phenacetin work, it is known that they do often reduce the discomfort of patients with strained back muscles. Under instructions the package insert specifies: "As an adjunct to rest, physical therapy, and other measures for the relief of discomfort associated with acute, painful musculoskeletal conditions." Under warnings, however, the package insert says, in capital letters: PRODUCT CONTAINS PHENACETIN. PHENACETIN, IF TAKEN IN LARGE DOSES Prolonged Periods in Combination with Other Analgesics, Is Associated with Severe Kidney Disease and with Cancer of the Kidney, Drowsiness, Lightheadedness, Dizziness, Itching, Nervousness, Palpitations, Overdose,

My Fourteen Pills

Even though I am wary of medicines, I take fourteen pills every day. If this sounds inconsistent, let me assure you that I can justify the taking of each of these pills. In fact, I wouldn't feel safe if I didn't take them. I've had high blood pressure since I was twenty-four (I am now fifty-four, and in 1975 I underwent an open-heart operation, a double coronary-artery bypass [common colloquially as a "double bypass"], to relieve the angina [heart pain] caused by severe arteriosclerotic obstruction of the arteries to my heart. Whatever pains you're taking, if any, you ought to be able to justify them as well as I can justify mine.

I take two Dyazide (Smith Kline & French) in the morning, two at bedtime. I have high blood pressure, and Dyazide is a diuretic, a "water-losing" pill; diuretics are almost invariably the first type of drug a physician prescribes to try to lower blood pressure. Two Dyazides twice a day is the maximum daily dose of Dyazide I need that much. And I take Dyazide rather than HydroDIURIL (Merck Sharp & Dohme), another well-known and efficacious diuretic, because Dyazide is potassium-sparing. With other diuretics the patient may have to take potassium supplements, since potassium is washed out in the urine. This is less likely to happen with Dyazide.

I take two Persantine (Boehringer Ingelheim) twice a day. Persantine dilates the coronary arteries, and after the heart attack that hit me in 1975 my coronary arteries need all the dilation they can get.

I take two aspirin a day, because there is some evidence that aspirin helps prevent the development of clots in blood vessels. This seems to be true only in males.

Finally, I take twenty milligrams of Inderal four times a day. Inderal is Ayerst's brand name for propranolol, and propranolol is a beta-adrenergic receptor blocking agent. Among other things, it reduces both the rate and the oxygen consumption of the heart. In the U.S. it has been approved for the treatment of irregular heart rhythm since 1967, but the FDA did not approve it for use in treating hypertension until 1976. However, in Europe it had been used legally to manage hypertension for many years, and in the U.S. legally (for this purpose) since 1967. I take it as treatment for my hypertension. Dyazide wasn't enough, and I got side effects from other anti-hypertensive medicines I had tried. One pill made me drowsy; another gave me nightmares and a stuffy nose; a third made me impotent (I got off that one very quickly). Inderal has been great; I haven't had any side effects; my pressure stays at normal levels. In the opinion of many doctors—and I'm one of them—Inderal is one of the best heart-blood pressure drugs to come along in years. (Propranolol is not for everyone. Asthmatics can't tolerate it, and it may be dangerous for patients susceptible to heart failure.)—W.A.N.



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ADVERSE PHARMACEUTICAL REACTIONS HAVE BEEN REPORTED

Should a doctor prescribe for a patient a medicine with the potential to produce these side effects, when all that is to be gained is some relief from symptoms of a back strain? Perhaps not, but I have to confess, I've prescribed Senna Compound hundreds of times. Used cautiously—that is, for only three or four days—it is, in my experience, an extremely safe and reasonably effective drug. I have never known a patient to show any of the side effects listed on the package insert.

I must, however, confess that I have never personally taken Senna Compound. When I strain my back, as I have done many times, I take aspirin, use a heating pad, and abut an ice pack (or a re-usable one) on the soreness off the strained muscle tendons and the pain goes away. So I take no Senna Compound, but only after explaining that he'll eventually get better with or without the medicine. And no, I don't read the package insert, because I am virtually certain that he isn't going to develop any of those side effects. If I read patients the package inserts of all the medicines I prescribe, none

of them would take any medicine, even if it was potentially life-saving. If they want me to enlighten them, I will, but most don't want to be frightened. However, when prescribing medicines with which I haven't had much personal experience, I am likely to spend more time talking about side effects than when prescribing drugs with which I'm very familiar.

Although off label sounds problematic,

I think it is only sensible. Many doctors have observed that the effect a medicine produces is often dependent at least in part on the attitude the doctor takes when he gives the patient the prescription. If, for example, I give a patient a prescription for pills to help him sleep, I say, "Watch out for these tablets; they're really potent. Better be next to your bed when you take one," the chance that the patient will sleep well after taking a pill is greater than if I had said, "I don't know how good these are. They seem to help some people sleep, but you can't do much for others." Persuasion influences the effectiveness of a medicine, not only in the case of placebos but in that of pain-killers, muscle relaxants, tranquilizers, and even antibiotics. The placebo effect, which is what pharmaceutical manufacturers provide, is very real but not fully understood.

Conversely, I feel as if the possibility that the medicine I am prescribing may produce drowsiness, dizziness, or impotence (or motion only three side effects occasionally produced by many drugs), then it is an easy choice that I will either one or none of those side effects in my patient. Of course, I have an obligation to warn the patient of the possibility of any side effect that may pose danger to him—I wouldn't, for example, want him to drive when drowsy—but I try not to be overprotective. I might say, for example,

"Once in a great while these pills cause a pain in the head, so if you feel the first couple of days till you see how they affect you, you better not drive right after you take one."

There is a fine line to be noted here, much as I value a positive attitude in prescribing. I have a moral and legal obligation to keep the patient properly informed. I try, however, to honor that obligation.

Once the need for medicine is reasonably well-established, a physician's second consideration is efficacy. Let's say, for example, that his patient has pneumonia and needs an antibiotic; which of the hundreds of available antibiotics should he prescribe?

The general rule in medical practice is to prescribe drugs as specifically as possible. We'll assume that the X-ray shows a pneumonia of the type caused by a bacterium rather than a virus. Since the most common cause of bacterial pneumonia is the pneumococcus, we will probably pre-

scribe penicillin, because the pneumococcus is almost invariably sensitive to penicillin and the doctor has a long personal experience; that is, penicillin will kill the pneumococcus and a few other organisms of the same general class, such as the streptococcus, but it won't indiscriminately wipe out all of the other bacteria of the nose, mouth, and bowel. Widespread antibiotics often produce overkill, they destroy the organisms that are causing the disease, but they also kill the bacteria that normally inhabit the body and help us with things like digestion. When most of the normal flora of the body are destroyed, the bacteria, fungi, and viruses that remain may run rampant, producing other diseases, some of which can be life threatening. The doctor who uses "aggressive therapy" is the one who throws two or three potent antibiotics at an infection; this is a very dangerous trend.

Before starting penicillin therapy, the doctor should get a sputum culture. In the laboratory this sample will be weighed on an age-old scale, a small weight, the each antibiotic will be weighed with a different weight and be placed on the surface of the plate. Forty-eight hours after obtaining the culture, the laboratory should be able to report which organisms have caused the pneumonia and to which antibiotic it is most sensitive, there will be an era of bacterial growth around the disc containing an antibiotic that kills the bacteria. The wider the clear area, the more effective the antibiotic. If the physician then learns that the responsible organism is a streptococcus other than a pneumococcus, and that the streptococcus is resistant to penicillin but very sensitive to Vlöedol (one of the newer antibiotics), he can make the appropriate changes in the treatment regimen.

If the selection is in the bloodstream, the amniotic fluid, or a boil on the skin, the results will be the same. The doctor will have a culture media, the blood, a plasma, till he can see how they affect you, you better not drive right after you take one."

The physician should be as selective in choosing other drugs as he is in choosing an antibiotic. Some tranquillizers are most

effective in treating anxiety, others work best in treating depression, many are useful in treating tension. The more specific the diagnosis, the more specific the treatment can be.

Whether it is an infection, a depression, or a pain that is being treated, it's important for the physician to peg accurately the severity of the problem. If the patient has life-threatening pneumonia (infection in the blood), then a potent antibiotic, even though it has more dangerous side effects

than some less potent medicines, may be the treatment of choice. For the patient who is stable it may be necessary to prescribe a stronger tranquilizer for a lesser case of tranquillization would be indicated for the patient who is mildly anxious. And the patient who is having a "sudden-death" attack may need neprilin, while the patient with a tension headache should be able to get by on aspirin.

There is great individual variability in sensitivity to drugs. One of my patients, a forty-five-year-old woman who weighs 250 pounds and is an jerk, apparently fails every time he takes two and a half milligrams of Valium. His wife, who is thirty-five years old, weighs 105 pounds, has ten inches off, and weighs 125 pounds, requires ten milligrams of Valium for even mild sedation. Apparently either their bodies metabolize Valium at different rates or their brain cells differ in susceptibility to the drug.

I mentioned the size and age of the two patients because these factors must be considered when medicines are prescribed—and the case I made is an obvious exception—the bigger the person, the greater the dose should be. The dosage of some medicines (Phenacetin, an analgesic drug, for example) is always calculated on the basis of the patient's weight. Elderly patients and very young patients usually require smaller doses of drugs—pain-killers, say—than do young and middle-aged adults. I learned this early in my maturation at Bellevue. One hundred milligrams of Demerol was, I thought, the standard preoperative "lucky" for our patients if it didn't resolve that standard had to be modified for the elderly and so I ordered it for a full eighty-three-year-old woman with a fractured hip. By the time she reached the operating room, about forty-five minutes after the Demerol had been given, her blood pressure had dropped from 160 over 100 to 80 over 60, her respiration had slowed down, and she had turned blue. She had to be flushed with a resuscitator, and she was rapidly becoming cyanotic. We had to postpone the operation and give her oxygen for three hours while she got over the Demerol. We did the case the next day and she was careful to give her only thirty-five milligrams of Demerol preoperatively.

The physician should try to give enough treatment—without overtreating. The line between adequate treatment and over-treatment can be a difficult one to walk. We have now decided that for patient needs modification, we have a pretty good idea of which medicines will work best, and we have made an informed estimate of how strong the medicine should be. Let us assume that if any of these different medicines will not cure a patient, Which one do we choose? The considerate

physician will weigh several other factors. He will first consider side effects. Other things being equal, the drug with the fewest side effects (remember, all drugs occasionally produce a side effect) will be the one he will select.

Occasionally, addressing side effects can't be avoided. Anticoagulant drugs, for example, often cause nausea, loss of all taste, and a dangerous lowering of the white-blood-cell count, which leaves the patient susceptible to infection. The physician does what he can to alleviate the side effects—for the patient an anticoagulant drug will probably prevent anticoagulant medicine and possibly prophylactic antibiotics—but these side effects are a direct result of the powerful action of the drug therapy; the patient can't have the cancer-correcting benefits of the medicine without accepting the side effects, which, fortunately, are temporary.

To determine the side effects of any one drug, the doctor should take into account all the drugs the patient is on. Some drugs work synergistically, one reducing the effect of the other; others work antagonistically, one enhancing the effect of the other.

For example, if a patient is taking Dicumarol (an anticoagulant, or if you prefer, blood-thinner), and his doctor prescribes thyroid hormone to treat a hypothyroid condition, the dose of Dicumarol should immediately be reduced by one third. Otherwise, since thyroid acts to increase the effect of Dicumarol, the patient's blood might become too thin, with resultant serious hemorrhaging.

Alcohol conflicts synergistically with most tranquilizers and sedatives. What would a moderate drink do? *"Nothing,"* says a moderate drinker. *"Nothing."* Sober patients may be drowsy, even potentially lethargic, for a period when had six or eight martinis (in fact, six or eight martinis are, for safety, potentially lethal by themselves).

If your doctor doesn't ask you to tell him what other medicines you're on, volunteer or the information. And if you do drink, ask him whether alcohol conflicts safely with the medicine you will be taking. He can't properly prescribe medicine unless he keeps these things in mind.

But let us now assume, as is often the case, that the incidence and seriousness of side effects are about the same for all three of the drugs we're considering. There are two other factors to be taken into account, and how much weight we'll give each factor will vary from patient to patient.

One important consideration is frequency of administration. Often, when a patient comes back to the office complaining that the medicine isn't doing the job, this question will reveal that he isn't taking the medicine as often as he should.

Which of us, having been given a prescription for pills to be taken four times a day, hasn't occasionally forgotten to take the pill and so decided it necessary to skip a dose? Inadequate medication is often ineffective medication, but human nature being what it is, compliance with instructions in likely to be inversely proportional to frequency of administration. So if one medicine (barbiturate, tranquilizer, anything) must be taken four times a day to be effective, and a second will work just as effectively on a once-a-day schedule, then the second will probably be the once-a-day medicine. Drug companies realize that, of course, and whenever possible manufacture their medicines so that they can be taken only once or twice a day. Some medicines, because they are quickly metabolized, must be administered more frequently.

In many years of the joints practice of surgery, I have been struck by the fact that physicians with whom most

most senior physicians *do not* communicate a toadstool, a D and C, or even the removal of a small skin cyst, in an attempt to get the patient to ask for advice or two in which to think it over, or even—possibly in the last five years—for a chance to get a second opinion. "It's necessary, Doc," is a question I like most responses, as frequently asked.

But is that same twenty years, I doubt that I have been questioned more than half a dozen times when I've prescribed medicine. Almost never does anyone ask, "Do I really need that pill?" or "Can't we just wait and see if I get better without anything?" or "Is that medicine dangerous?" Usually patients don't even ask the name of the medicine. They just want something to make them better, and whatever we give they'll take. The senior operators about which patients are so concerned almost invariably have a mortality rate well under one tenth of one percent, and a complication rate almost as low, while the incidence of complications associated with patients' physicians they accept as reliable may be ten or fifteen times as high. A patient's reasonable fear of surgery is certainly understandable, no matter so that the doctor exercise willingness with which he will ingest medicines.

If it is any consolation, and I think it should be, let me assure you that even if patients often have a pharmacist around to administer medicines, doctors don't. In practice that article I talked with many physicians friends, and without exception they shared my wary respect for medicine. I doubt if there is a practicing physician anywhere in the United States who has not taken at least one prescription written by the physician he is treating. And any physician who claims he has never seen an adverse reaction to medication in either a bar or a food. It is impossible to treat patients with some of the powerful medicines now in common use without occasionally causing trouble.

There may be a few physicians who are exceptions, but the ones I know practice as carefully for their patients as they do for themselves—very carefully indeed. □

so the standards of the big pharmaceutical companies. "There are as many small manufacturers producing these medicines," another pharmacist says, "that it's impossible to be certain they're dependable. I'd rather spend more money and be certain I'm getting the best."

In any case, the newest medicines must be bought under the brand name. Patients on new products are good for seven or ten years, though it may take ten or twelve years after the patent is granted to get the drug on the market.

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one elegant outfit after another, many reminiscent of the Thirties and Forties. The men sported long suits and pinstripes, the women, suits and shiny gowns. This was beginning to be fun.

When it came time to dip the "salutes," they dragged out a box of what looked like Salvation Army imports and proceeded to distribute the contents haphazardly. To fit my tall and narrow build, they had to dig a bit before piecing me with my camouflage. A black mesh undershirt, black trousers easily three sizes too large that the only ones long enough to fit me, they claimed, and the pants so tight, an amazingly tight above and white-striped leggings at the butt turned me into a very odd-looking figure, which they never acknowledged. I had to sit down, hoping that perhaps it would look better after assembly. I was wrong. Dressed, I looked like the fellow who lies at the curb outside the subway on my way to work.

My discomfort was cut short by the announcement that filming would commence in two days' time, and my enthusiasm was bypassed by the news that shooting would take place on location. It quickly sank again upon me hearing that "location" meant Jersey City. At 6 a.m. in the morning, Buses to take us to our destination, they said, would depart promptly from a street corner in Greenwich Village.

The scene at the mansion had stop had a weird out-of-camp quality. It was still dark as people quickly herded the two waiting buses. As we pulled out—at the exact time, as they said—I thought we see one hapless individual waving frantically at the bus. I wondered whether he too had been chosen at that original casting call, waiting for his ticket to stardom. Clearly, we were all more dispensable than I had imagined.

The mood of summer camp persisted as our "character" (the castantion director) took to the floor of the bus and explained the day's agenda. He would be driven to a stage during and in New Jersey, where we would get into costume and makeup. Then back on the bus and on to the location where we would spend the rest of the day. Like a time counselor, he advised us to use the "facilities" at the change bus, as there would be none at that particular location. And where, exactly, would we be filming? someone asked.

In a garage dump.

A garage dump! A garage dump in Jersey City at 6 a.m. in the morning! My face, carefully preserved during all the thrill of not too many cameras, was location and everything, quickly hit the dirt.

Once made the cavernous bus, we got dressed and made up. Breslau was on the way, they said; be patient. I used the time to observe what costumes and makeup had wrought on my fellow players. The differences between the "hippy" and

"sod" groups had become magnified, as the former appeared some of the most beautiful costumes I had ever seen. Hats, bows, bows, and the like had been added since the first fitting. My group was another matter. Faces that looked as if they'd been without sleep for weeks. Wrinkles and pale skin. I might have been at a lag leder's convention. Looking around, I felt a pang of pity for some of the older women, ostentatiously gathered in shaggy forester pants or miniskirts. Yet most of them seemed to take it in stride, as one of the small pieces to be paid for a chance at the Big Scores.

Breslau finally arrived, and left. So did lunch. And still no evidence that we would be starting early, or anytime in the next hour. Scattered. Between the two of us and Jacob, Woody—between looking rested and witty. Once again we played try-to-pretend-and-don't-notice that Woody Allen is a losing option. Surrounded by a small, anxious entourage that would benefit always be present, he briefly checked us out and left.

By the afternoon, nothing had yet occurred. Ward was that Mr. Allen had been rethinking that day's scene, and had gone out for lunch. An wait, attempting to get my further clues—such as whether we would be doing any filming today—were useless. I had brought along a book, but a prolonged state of low-level anticipation made it difficult to concentrate.

When the call came to reheat the buses, at somewhere around three, we had already put in an eight-hour day. In fact, my Breslau had told them that point on, an informed source told me, would even us overtime pay. Expedited, er, wait, we were given the go-ahead to proceed.

I didn't take long to reach our destination. It was a garage dump, all right, just like it. It was a stretch of muddy gray sand broken up by mountains of rusted metal and waste. It was also freezing. I suddenly had a new appreciation for my labored sweater, which I whipped snuggly around me as I stood shivering. Finally it was announced that the cast was ready. Whenever the signal, off we went down walk around the yard—"not too fast and not too slow." By this time I presented that we would not be called upon to deliver the vocabulary from *Hamlet*, but I hoped that some direction would be forthcoming as the scene progressed. "What's our motivation?" I was tempted to ask, but I realized my tongue might not be appreciated.

Turns out it might not have been such a dumb question. Clamoring together, people followed one another closely, one by one, some smiling, others blank-faced, others looking expectantly at the camera. Clearly some further instruction was called for. And so I finally had the essence of being directed by Woody Allen. Looking as eager as a writer to Three Mile

Island, he approached us and asked for our attention. It was as if E.P. Hatton were about to speak, every sound stopped, every ear turned to listen. "You've just stepped off a train," he said merrily, "and you find yourselves here in this garage dump in New Jersey. And you don't know why?" Oh.

That seemed to do the trick, though. After the next run-through, we were ready to film. Someone yelled "Action!" The cameras whirred, we walked. I heard a sound of terrible difficulty mangled to look vaguely bewitching. Look, Ma, I'm writing.

Not too long, however. In no time at all, came the cue "Cut!" and we were asked to try again. And again.

Something was wrong. While Woody discussed the problem with his cameramen and crew, the rest of us moved to pieces of furniture from around the room. I discovered that even freezing to death has its good points when the two women standing next to me suggested that we these huddle together for body warmth. I was concerned about the elderly people in our group, some of whom, in their flimsy garments, appeared to be possibly running blase. Finally the crew was ready for another take, and I assumed my position in what was more or less the foreground (I'd I was going to do through all that, I wanted to be sure I'd be within camera range). After a couple more aborted takes, a megaphone sounded.

"With the cast with the striped sweater come forward." The rest of you, resume your positions.

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Before departing that day, we were called upon once again to repeat our shot. By this time, though, the sun was setting, and after a few more attempted takes it was announced that we'd be picking it up the day after. I climbed aboard the bus for the last time. I overheard one of the crew members there was possibility that when the day's footage would have to be stripped.

But by this time I was honestly beyond caring very much. As our bus wound its way back to the lights of Manhattan, I tried to get my vacation started again and listened to the talk of those around me. Considering everything, the mood was congenial—jovial even, as people talked up their prospective earnings for the day (My own would have to satisfy myself, I was told) and began to chitchat. Several of the others exchanged stories about other short shoots they had been on—in worse conditions, in better conditions. Tales about the peculiarities of stars they had worked with, told with palpable intimacy, were popular ("Me and Reynolds are just like that," said one). Much kidding around and laughter. The apprehension of returning from camp was complete.

As I sat there, more than a few times, I tried to piece together and make some sense of the atmosphere of vacation. And until now, I had only.

My mind clouded in what I had been doing out there in the cold and the foggy day, or of what any part in the film was tested. I didn't know if I would be returning for additional scenes, or if this was it. Frankly, I didn't even know how I had gotten into this in the first place. I tried to be crazy. That's all there was to it. I must be nuts.

My coworkers seemed unfazed. "You never know," said one fellow, "there might be a recurring theme in the picture." Self-delusion might supersede the business.

On my home, I stopped to pick up a copy of the latest *Back Stage*.

A MONTH OR LATER, THE CALL CAME. WOULD I PLEASE SHOW UP THE next day at 10 a.m. for the filming of *Stardust Mansions*? This time in a studio, indeed? I said yes.

The next morning, I tried hard to shake off all the ways in which this would have to be better than last time. I also told myself that they wouldn't have

called me back had they not intended to use me this time to better advantage (you never know).

What was there left to say? Except that they didn't, of course. After changing once again into my very costume (fairly presentable, wrinkles and all and all time up) for the best part of a day, I found myself being screened once more in a room, standing in front of the *X* plane. Except this time, I wasn't one of those selected. Oh, rather, I was placed in the B Group and told to wait for further summons. I had enough savvy to realize the implications of being a B in the *George Gershwin* section of things. And wait we did. And the rest of the day was just as bad as the first. I heard the *X* plane. I overheard one of the crew members there was possibility that when the day's footage would have to be stripped.

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Unfortunately, most of my words were delivered to the floor. Though I had been bawdy, once I realized that this would be my first and last chat with Woody Allen I froze, and I found that my eyes were unable to move. I looked at the ceiling, the wall, the spot behind his left ear. He, in contrast, intrepidly, stopping me only to ask that I repeat something I'd mumbled the first time. It was probably one of the few times I'd met someone so nice enough to make me seem the stable, selected one.

In fact, far from the shleppe, personality-wise I felt I had come to see past everything I'd seen or read. Woody Allen is now faced with what's artifice and what's not. He's a bit of a fraud, I guess. I mean, he's not a fraud. He's a fraud. I mean, he's not a fraud. What he is, is a bit of a star, he said he was sorry and could understand my frustration, but that he was, unfortunately, the very kind of artifice were made. That often the people in charge didn't themselves know exactly what they'd be doing from day to day. In a patient voice, he explained that "they" weren't always just what a particular scene would require and often kept actors around who wouldn't be used. Sometimes "they" didn't even tell *him* what was coming on.

I nodded as if I understood and thanked him for explaining it to me. If you want the truth, I was relieved that he hadn't simply kicked me out of his office or had his assistants cart me away. I apologized for hanging in on his like that and made some feeble joke about the effects of combat fatigue. I left quickly.

It wasn't until I hit the street that the full scope of his explanation hit me. I mean, who, exactly, were "they"? Who's he the director? Who's he Woody Allen, for God's sake? Who's this Woody Allen who is known for his impersonation of every form of artifice? Who's he the star? Who's he the director? I mean, like I'd been taken on a long ride. No, it's like Woody Allen, elegantly polite and in control. Not Woody Allen, elegantly polite and in control. Not Woody Allen, the technician layer of all these early films. The one who trusts a platform with a gun made out of soap.

But who could I do? Go back and argue? The answers I needed he couldn't give me. Besides, I left as if I had passed some kind of bar in all this—one of the seven rites of set-which, perhaps, the director was trained but not denigrated. After all, I was still young. There was still time.

Months from then, when a film called *Stardust Mansions* was finally released in New York, I couldn't bring myself to go and see whether one of these tiny flicks up there on the silver screen was one of those people that the reviewer would call "proteges, apprentices, every kind of (ed.)

I think I'd like to lose it that way. 

an evening with **AMY IRVING**

EVEN CASUAL READERS of this space are by now familiar with the scenario: Initial Phone Call, when we and our companion agree on the evening's festivities; First Impression, when a door swings open and there she is; Dinner, when we usually exchange abridged life stories; Field Trip, which may be to a ball park, a nightclub, a dance emporium; Saying Goodnight, which always includes a thank-you and, if we're lucky, a kiss; and Bedtime Brood, when, likely as not, we mosey on the inter-sweet meowing of life or love or both.

The scenario that follows unfolds according to the accustomed sequence. Except this time somebody sneaked into the projection room and attached jumper cables to our dining tables. The screen went out with sparks flying. Our host concluded at once: "I'm sorry, but our heart-to-heart conversation is about to be over." Giggling Willful to frantic quick-cutting action (as directed by Peter Brown). When all was over, as Saying Goodnight faded to black, we found ourself staring into a nearly empty notebook. Not the action was sparse; there was simply too much of it.

Which brings us back to the Initial Phone Call. When we reached Amy Irving at the Sherry Netherland hotel and identified ourself, she responded, "Hi." But the "Hi" was in snappy n° "Hi" as you can imagine, a "Hi" that rings in regular and then planged, a "Hi" that encouraged us to be a smidgen sleek. The two of us exchanged quips about our upcoming event. When we asked Amy what she'd like to do, she said, "You decide." We prodded. "We're the boy," we said. "That's why you should decide." Amy came back, "But it's the boy's role to ask the girl," we pressed. "Just make it fresh and exciting," she said.

We talked about Santa Fe, where Amy had just bought a house. We agreed to pick her up at a press

reception on Friday night. She mentioned that she was in town with two friends from Texas whom she'd never before been to New York. Would we mind meeting them later in the evening and taking them along? Not at all, we said, it would be fun.

We arrived at the reception wearing our only two Georgia Avenue items—a gray skirt and a tie of seductive color—along with other, nameless rigs from our closet. Amy was off in a corner, surrounded by reporters. She leaned at ease, sipping a vodka martini as she discussed her role in her new movie. She was dressed in black pants, a short black velvet jacket, brown boots, and a necklace she would later say was made from Tibetan coral. If you've seen any of her movies (*Crack*, *The Big Heist*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *The Complicated*), you know the hallmarks of her beauty: exuberant brown hair, glittering blue eyes, an innocent and frisky half-smile.

We led Amy away, guiding her into the corridor and right into a wait in confusion. "Sorry boy you are," she said with a smile. "Maybe I should be the boy tonight." Looking into the lobby, Amy stepped into the doorway, stood on an ornate rug, and held her coat open proper for the boy to go through first. Amy kept right on going—all the way back into the lobby, leaving us standing alone on the doorway.

Dinner was at a downtown place called Rosalini, an actress' haunt that can't decide if it's decadent or cozy for the star our own infatuation? Amy ordered a vodka martini, we a bouillon on the rocks. We listened to her abridged life story. Her father is the late Jules Irving, esteemed director of the Actors Workshop and later of the Lincoln Center Repertory. Her mother is the actress Priscilla Pointer. Amy grew up in San Francisco, moved to New York when she was eleven. She studied violin at the High School of Music and Art. Eventually she and her family moved to L.A. She has a sister, Kata, three years older who teaches the deaf, and a brother, David, five years older, who's a director.

We asked how being the youngest had affected her. "It made me a great little actress," she replied. Then she told us a story that no other stranger had ever

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baud. "It happened when I was six and I wanted a shoulder bag for my birthday," she said. "I always used to get presents at the same age and my sister and I never got these things—and Katie didn't get a shoulder bag until she was seven. So my mother gave me a big blue wallet instead." Thinking the story over and wanting to figure out its lesson, we butched a piece of bread. Fortunately, Amy kept talking. "I had an adorable sweet tooth as a kid. Candy-bar strings. M&M's. Twinkies. I was a real junkie. One day I stole a quarter from the cigar box my father kept change in and went out and bought five packs of Gummie bubble gum. I stuffed 'em in my big blue wallet. My brother saw the bulging wallet and demanded to know what was inside. I raved upstairs, but the pants under my belt, then unzipped the wallet full of cotton. Sodden diapers, actually. But David found the gum and made me confess to Daddy, which I did with tears streaming down my cheeks. He let me off. That was an action, man."

Our stakes as poster children. Regrettably, we were called to tell Amy the story of what had happened to us and our own

I was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, that I should give her my name and number and we'd talk about it." Then she looked at him, grabbed our notebook again, and scribbled: *Christopher*. At that moment

After dinner we met Dennis Fornita at the bar. He's a photogapher. The two women left instantly into deep conversation. Amy told Dennis about the Italian passenger who earlier in the day had kept asking her about corpora. We walked outside. In front of the restaurant was a bunched sedan that had been plowed and stripped of all removable parts. The trunk was wide open, and in a flesh Amy was caged up inside. Dennis started swearing. Said we, "You and your wife were born in a truck. That is so ridiculous." Climbing out, Amy posed in front of it a widow and *PANCY POLITICS*. Then we trudged up stairs.

Amy's confessions from Texas were Luisa and George Fowler. Luisa was Amy's mother's daughter and a friend Amy made during the time she attended New Haven. Luisa herself is striking: beauty with dark hair, chocolate eyes, smooth olive skin. George is the strong silent

type of video screen, which offer continuous tapes of musical acts from down to New Wave, performing their hits and novelties.

Eventually a few hand came on. Luisa and the Fornitas. Neal Gossard, photographer. Stamford-blue sport coats. White-and-black leather. Loud, driving rock 'n' roll. Luisa had his hand pressed and looked as if two cold fighters had rested in on his forehead, then started sport just before crashing into it, shattering off the sides of his face to form a perfect V. Luisa and George and Amy and we took to the floor. More over, Luisa and Bob and Alice and Kenny! We pin-striped, Fringed, Pinstriped, and Twisted. Amy held our hands gently and gave us looks with that frisky hell smile. Now and then we changed partners. With Luisa we were nose-to-knees, sending her into tight turns and impure spasms. Seizing wet, we kept on going, long after Luisa and the Fornitas had given way to recorded intermissions of Little Richard, the Coasters, Chubby Checker, and the Supremes. We liked that. Luisa said, "I had the words, it was good to dance to—but we'll give the whole show a '95."

Later on, as we drove home, we passed a liten stand outside the Plaza hotel. Honest. "Sorry." Amy said, referring to an earlier Enquire evening. "Jane Seymour gets a cheesecake at the end, and I get a lime." Then she grabbed our nachos again. "Luisa! That's double d, I believe."

Amy, Luisa, and George scrambled out of the car in front of their hotel, and we scattered about. The Fornitas walked on ahead while we stood listening. Amy turned up her collar for her against the wind. We kissed her gently on each cheek, then Luisa and George. "I think we'll probably come out next week," she said, "so we won't stop talking to her and that she'll have to call the doorman to drive us away. Loyd readers will believe what it says right here."

When we got home, we took out our notebook. Paper threads were strong enough to hold the strands of Amy's having torn out the notes she'd been keeping all evening. We haphazardly laid down a line of the things that had gone (poorly) well about Luisa's hair, the *PANCY POLITICS* sign, that kind of look color. Then we ripped out a clean page and made a note to send a dozen roses to Amy in the morning. "We don't remember where we put the note, and it doesn't matter. By now, I'm sure, we're marching to the front about what to write on the card. Hm, what rhymes with *Ames*? □



PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MCKEE

wallet, a little brown one. One day when we were twelve my mother loaded a package full of potential nuclear bombs inside our wallet. We too cried, and confessed we didn't know what they were for.

Amy grabbed our notebook and took it all down. "I'm gonna write a detailed letter to the editor," she declared. She said not. Enquire readers should know what kind of guy goes out on these dates. Then she excused herself and headed for the next room. When she returned, she said, "A man followed me to the door. He said

type. Jim put over on the prowl, recording his legato songs nicely.

After picking them up, we made tracks for—exactly for a time away?—the Pepper mint Lounge. This rock 'n' roll shrine, the home of the Twits, was recuperating, and we thought it just the place for these first-time visitors to the city. Amy was reluctant, though, which nobody much listened to her. Having never been to the original club, we really can't compare the two, but the go-go dancers in their cages are gone, long gone. In their place is a generation

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*He's
an ultimate of
hard truths, alone
with her in the city, in love,
nobody watching, no
one there to
judge.*

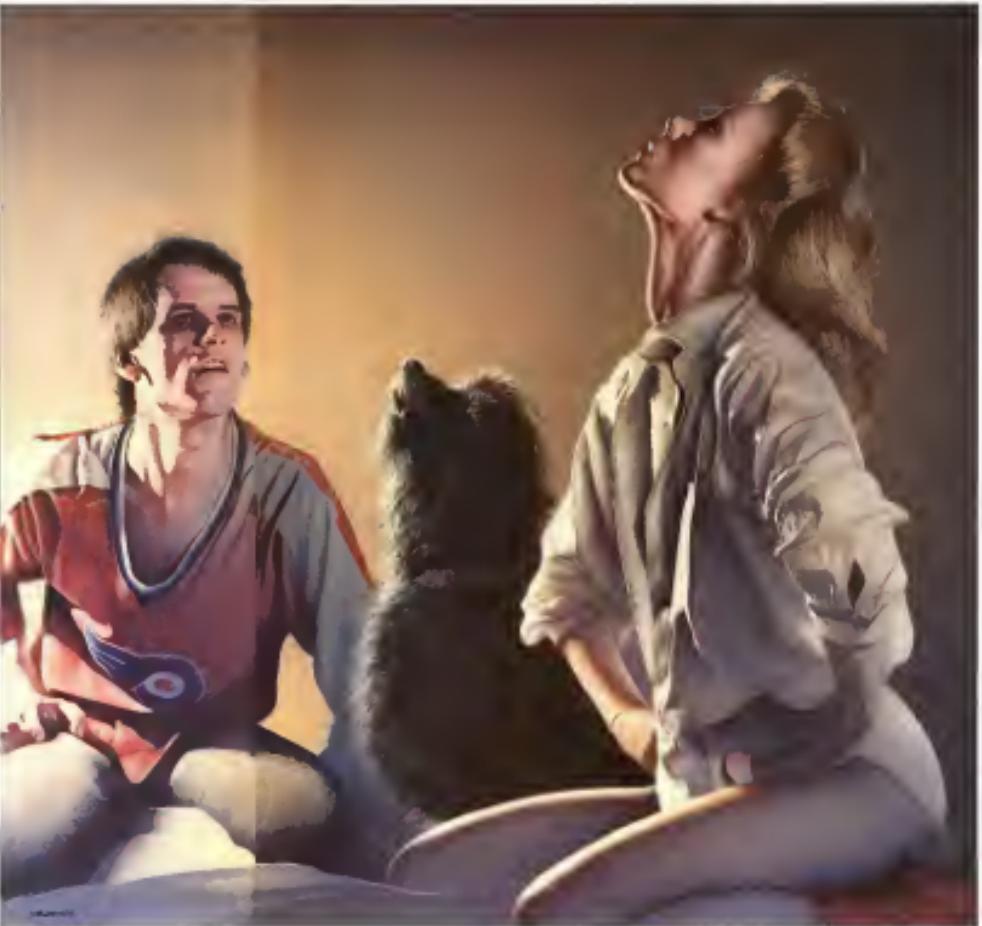
THE BOYFRIEND'S DUPLEXITY

FICTION BY FRANCISCO GOLDMAN

ONE DAY THE NICE YOUNG MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS ass from a hole in the ground comes staggering out of the Dublin House bar around four in the morning. The night is cold, cold. Drifting snow sprinkles the air over Broadway with bands of sugary light. Taxicabs spin around corners as silently as pool balls rolling and clang against curbstones in a cloud of snow. A prostitute in high boots and hot pants walks by, shielding her bare thighs with the lid from a pizza carton. The young man finds the dog shivering on a corner with its leash wrapped around the railing of the subway entrance, its frightened black eyes glowing with white lights. He thinks that it is the most beautiful puppy he has ever seen. And in that moment it is, because drunk John Hahn is looking into his own heart and seeing himself bringing an abandoned puppy home to the girl he loves, who is so loving with him, who is at the moment sitting up in bed in her soft blue nightgown that smells like warm butterscotch, watching a late movie, waiting for him to come home from his sole simulation of a night out with his faraway old college friends. Too bad John Hahn has no corner where to find it when he wakes up the next morning and looks at his gift in dismay. She says that it would only end up unchanged in the animal shelter, reduced to a tiny brick of ashes in their incinerator. She says that Maxie, her golden retriever, can use the company that Jewish cat, Hitler, is too hungry to give it. She says she kind of likes the dog anyway, and names it Mady Baloo, after one of the witnesses where she works, a frightened, friendless, dark-skinned girl who lives with her twin sister at Queens, a girl who

is no good inside. But Now, no, John, no being that dog in here."

Irene has many reasons for refusing to let John take the city-punk dog back to



Francisco Goldman's love in *Whiplash: "The Boyfriend's Duplexity,"* marks his first magazine appearance. His chapter, "Tillie and Laura," was published recently in *Art City Press* by Alan Artner, Milwaukee.

is maybe the only waitress in Manhattan who does not intend to use dry racks in show business.

BUT HOW HAPPY CAN BECOME THE pull of a superstitious nature at the bottom of Irene's attachment to that dog. Having grown up with a grandmother like Katty Gossipy and friends like Many the Marmalade—who wouldn't be relentlessly superstitious? When Irene was a child, her grandmother would fill up a plastic bin bag with gummy candy, shiny barrettes, bottle caps that you saved from jujubes, and powdered mint shells, and bury it on the beach at Lake Erie, marking the spot with a tomb-on-

The next day she would have time for a walk to find what Minny the Mermaid had left behind for her on the little dock. "Now, leave," would say the broken, crooked-lipped lady with wild chalk-white hair, "and you cannot expect the Sea to give you something if you do not take it something first." They called Little Blue the Sea because she was always blue, wearing anything she wanted, wet and bare, left her in the darkened, sunless yards like a gauze shell, through her pockets the grandmother would reach into her own and pull out a practically empty half-filled bottle or take the cigarette from her lips, stand it to freeze, and say, "Here. Give it this." And Blue would drag the bottle or the cigarette out and into the swaying broken leaves, and her grandmother would cup her ear and listen for a message from Minny. And she would stand in that moribund pasture for a long time, and then leave to look wan and distressed and begin looking at her grandson's shoes to make her new again. "Ah-huh!" Kitty Quenby would shout, "I'm taking a third-class cabin. She's got a room to herself, and she's got a room for her mother, and she's got a room for the right trash man, I'd say, a first-class one on certain days and a truly remarkable one on her. When she was young the world would call Minny all kinds of awful-sounding, slightly scurvy names and she was smiling with slightly alcoholic laughter—and, feeling confused and depressed, the little girl would pull her grandmother home, looking over her shoulder as she went, John Hahn is certain that Jane believes that by taking this crazy dog in, this gawky bank of the city itself, she is doing the great city a favor, and that, with the magnificence of Minny the Mermaid, will pay her back."

IRENE WANTS WITH ALL HER HEART TO get everything right that she wants. She wants to become a star of the Broadway stage and to stay in love with the passionate, intelligent boy who has moved to the city with her. John Hahn has no chance to be in the city at first, other than love, and all he wants doesn't fit in a better job than the one he has, in a store called AutoWear, owned by the less-than-honest

... who are always standing over me, racing me when I am a standing job, ringing the phone from near stations. But at least he gets me off his afternoon. The delivery boy was surprised because in the elegant apartment buildings of mythical New York, he gets lost whenever he wants to, and in surprise at the size of the telephone. He was surprised, too, when I told him I wanted a taxi, and he showed me how to phone a slightly huffyed boulevard. "Oh, hell," he says. "I'll always remember the bad boulevard of our first winter in New York." Finally, thinking that he will earn more, he quits the job to drive a cab. He earns less.

The winter has hardly begun. John and Irene have not, a yard in the city. They spend much of their time in their expensive Upper West Side apartment in bed. The generous graduation gift from John's father's parents has run out, and the apartment is beginning to seem like much more than a place they can afford. The stock of oil on the radio is certain and though it makes them smile, it does not bring the fourth sleep. *Playhouse* has been sent off in a mailing box in the building's garage as if mailed up and down in a diving casket. The news reports that a single black man has frase to death under a single blanket in an unheated welfare hotel. No winter that century has been colder, more inhospitable to newcomers. John is willing to just wait it out, losing her under layers of quilts, Irene, however, is impatient. Just how do you get started in this New York City setting world, anyway? All the girls she witnesses seem to take so many classes! They have been here that she must need classes to herself of all those hideously amateurish things that she will have picked up as playing cards in university productions and that she probably can't even aware she had. *Playhouse* is a dozen classes, "the winter course," she says, "just starting the education of all those who understand it's the season in New York every year changes the craze to the techniques of all those pretty, talented girls from university classes. Everywhere she turns high-priced acting teachers like training gurus promising to help her tap into a rare potential, to be displayed as a bar journey through the Castle of tweedhems and Money! Money! for classes, for photographs of her sparkling head to mind to agents, for clothing to audition in—when will it all come to an

WE NEVER TALK about the bank of getting ahead, one of the petti finds a way to cost them money. Momo scratches both paws open on broken glass in the park and rips the bedspread leaving at the hospital and reopening the wounds. Gertie-Gertie. Momo must be cured of written

and over again. Thirty sheets were written when Mandy turns the catch box on or edges too close to its helpful bed of dry leaves. Mandy goes into heat. The wordly couple who manage what a letter of Maudie's would like, warn him out from trying to keep the dogs separate in the apartment, and they agree to have Mandy spayed. Irene is not taking these bad financial losses well. She weeps as if some inexplicable punishment were being visited upon her, and her tears get in her heart like a rainy-season storm. When Mandy sits at her mother's gloves, she almost feels the dog all at once again, not the shadow that she will not stop of actually knowing. Mandy, John says, has brought her home. You can't sit like her! When they manage to ease enough to sleep loose in a single machined-constructed cage at the Animal's acting school, it turns out that she is one of two trained students lying on their backs with eyes closed while the great and unpredictable news-rock-tell actions, Maudie says, are to happen. Maudie is a patient reading them out to Mandy from the chart. The chart is a picture of Macbeth, a city porch gazing shadowed, a garage being hopped-up gleefully to its end—Maudie can act the part of anything! While she struggles to memorize a masses of her students' nonstopanaginations, Irene falls into chronic depression and begins to lose confidence in her

Momo is unchanged from outside the supervised where they have left it. And next to Mandy Laine has had Momo since she was in the eighth grade. It is a time of loss, grief, and some of vengeance against the cruelty of the city. Several times I have signs her angry tirades in suggestion that she will be willing to tell her body of that in what it takes to get out. John Hays says, "She, I talk, too," of those does not lose their stored store, is no time for easily discussing anything. He tells her that she had better not, he tells him to end his own business, the office block on a Sunday morning, using up photographs of it is removed, and every storefront is closed. The last remaining, photograph offices of rewards for the return of the missing dogs that have been lost and are believed to be dead, which usually are sugar daddy, "I've got to see one or the other," she whispers, as if herself, after the first exhortations ran out. So many customers in the restaurant always coming on to her with one those baby-boy-hugs-me-I'll-help-you, we, we, we'll just see. After a week of exhortation by picture a dapper young man, pink shirt, striped tweed pants and fur-lined leather flight jacket brings his wagging dogs Momo to the door. He says he's more in worry about the three-hundred-dollar ransom. "But I've just had no opportunity either to buy my *Access* by any sort of electronic, but now I'll be in

the union and be allowed to audition for Broadway plays. Don't you see? It changes everything for me." He proceeds to pay her the price of the dress, which is a state, and takes the time to write out the check, with the name of the person who should collect if she wants her own black-market quota card. Ira is too happy to leave. Mame looks that she even thinks has for the scented shampoo he has given her dog, and falls back into the easy chair to weep.

IT IS PREGNANCY AND BREKIE IN WAITING: six nights a week, but he is not used to it. That is where all her money is coming from. Here and there she has found an audience to entertain. She doesn't feel even close to losing a part. What she needs is another ritual. "What's a part I can say I played in, then?" John's brain and John have a flurry of ideas until the applications to graduate schools of law and archaeology that she has found buried away in the Oxford dictionary, a copy of the schools in remote parts of the country, and a list of the best financing her for Ireland? Like, she could make a lot of it there, but Ireland? The idea of her keeping money in a locked blue wooden box, her memory uncle. Soon brought her from Hong Kong when he was still alive. Every night, with the electric illumination of a handball manager filling out lanes during the off-season, she opens the box and dips into envelopes individually labeled NEW CLOTHES, LEATHER BOOTS, MY SHARE OF THE HEMI, MY SHARE OF THE DOG FOOD, MY SHARE OF THE HEMI, MY SHARE OF THE DOG FOOD,

In a way thinks John Hefner, it doesn't matter that much to me if she is, you know, doing a secret girl-friend thing on the side. He is shocked at himself for thinking that. Shakes his head as if trying to get some old motor going. Perhaps she has only done it once or twice, to get her new clothes, to show herself what she is capable of, ready to do. No more than that he can guess. Mayb's former name can be guess this much about. There is no way to spot a sex money bee. She seems to like the role of sex being a great hamletation already in order to span her naturals, self sufficent

erend my pain. *Bad weathering?* she says, pulling on her new leather boots. *That's so dismal!* And yet she is a well-educated woman. And her days fill up with small entertainments, like classes. And she has a match. He admires her determination to get her the wants and to keep her love for him. But when they make love, she seems just a little too tragic-eyed and coyly coyante, as if they've just gotten together after a separation she thought had never end. And she's then something hideously indecent, dissembling, gloomy about her bleached delicate belly or bright, possible breast? But he's not here to make her catch the attention of all and sundries on the block, and he's not here to make her think that she may only be a woman of another's earlier more creative type has paid her hundred dollars just to be with her. He wants to find himself by the soundlessness of an acquiescence, making her look at him's touch with some of life's hard truths. She is, alone with her in the big city, there, nobody watching, somebody to judge. He just accepts, and as he has been dropped back to some zero point, begins moving up again around his acceptance of it that why he has come to the city? To burn over? but in the opposite direction the hell-bent go-west types of old have

He's ever been set loose in such a vast unknown as he has this winter, in this apartment, in this country! Why then does it start to feel like such a drawer one day, and maybe he just pulled a little too much on that corduroy? As if all that acceptance is done nothing but tick him into a lethargy that has isolated him from the guy who used to live squarely with himself.

WHEN HE COMES HOME and she has already gone, must always be greeted by the sight of grotesque, ugly sleeping-bells and traps down on the table. The traps are old, with the heads of hawks and the names of the houses of cold and gray imprisonment of men. His clothes and curtains return the smell of old tobacco. He is still half-dressed and surrounded from traffic jangles and argumentative fumes. "Where the hell did a dog pick up a head? Like sleeping on a sofa? Who the hell caught a dog to do that?" He walks, still moaning at his own vacuity.

beartooth, having coaxed the dog and barked, barking around the room. There is nothing as ugly dog sleeping on top of the table as is out to bring out an apartment's best dogness. No personless mass piece could be more debilitating. Nothing like sitting down to a cup of energy Man Chai having to pick dog hairs out of the tablecloth and of the underside of your spoon every time you set it down. He feels the heat of Mabel's former master dragging 100 feet around the apartment, rolling up a sleeve, grunting, "Hey, buddy, tell me more comment about what I

6. you by another hand on that day,
a man went your hand but lost
time by breaking by the dog in the
house it sticks to sit belly and tries to
under the table, while from looks at
him with a wistful expression of
suspicion and shame. And these
the way they talk like flagrant
crimes like perjury, who is
and shatter the bone in your path
so that you are not able to stand
on a rock, in those clouds of suspicion
And no master how ungracious
you are to parts and then accidental
of human consciousness, no one can
be disconcerted by Murthy's room
obsessive staring at the ceiling
Murthy sits in the middle of the
bedding, and stares at the ceiling and
upper corners of the room for hours
down and all along the search seems
this eye, gold-lined eyes, said, as if
"What do we see up there, girl?"
Murthy, fascinated, her eyes wrapped
Murthy's steady staring neck. "What

"Get it out," says John, walking to bed to find her kneeling on the bed beside him. Mandy has her hips, swaying with Marilyn's strutt at the cokage. "Time?" She has her, her eyes twisted, embarrassed, which wrong? He sees, crumpling to grab a pillow, smacking up behind it over her face when suddenly she turns and burbles toward him, hugging him, the laughter bursting out of her in gurgles. "Ho, ho, I spoke you. You was running into Mandy."

LT. ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, looking out over their rug. He wears nothing but heavy pounds of dog hair. He has shadowed the Major's house for months. For the first few days he was seen clinging onto a nearby bush, catching sun in patches with fingers of broad cherry boughs under them. But buildings he can see the Major, with a choppy bright glint, and in the pale-yellow stones of the Pal. That sky the wind is blowing all the back at him. His eyes burn and he sneezes, he looks as if he had stood along the floor of a dog graveyard. Muddy tracks heants him on until, taking legs, he begins, hopping and at the instant he starts, by the way of his progress, an earthenware dog figurine falls down to his death below. He has as yet not given the dog off himself. It probably pain-to-its-dog. He could say it was an accident. His eyes were full of dog and didn't see it. He could even tell the truth. Sure, that would make things between them. It might even help for him. And then the Major's dogs would be, loving her so, he had not realized so badly to be like of her taste.

Fire of the apartment, of these days, of walking the dogs, of not doing anything with his life, of this living legend, of love, of whom And May is building against the fire escape door, an frightened eyes staring in their sockets. And the three boys on the pajama-clad bed are panting up at the fire escape and scolding at the frantic and bizarre young man in pajamas adams-uit coat, beating at everything around him with his bright-blue rug as if trying to put out a fire.

ONE OF THE REASONS IN FORTRESS
was chosen John Blake is a set of
arts, pure, poetic, and an artist
representing that back at the
university he often said that he had talents
lying in the visual arts. In high school he was
poetry. The thing is to find something for
him to do, he's spending too much time
alone in the apartment with the critters.
Loudness does not bother him so long as
he has a diversion. Having been an only
child in a large, loudhouse, he is moved by
low-levels; it is the sensation of his peaceful
childhood. He uses his soul up in the
corner. He begins by drawing. Mandy
What else in the apartment is quite as
tempting to draw as that dog? His unbroken
leaves his unpracticed handmaiden room
to err. He draws hundreds of different
Mistress against as many whimsical back-
drops, just waiting, he tells himself, for
spring, when the basketball courts will
close. It is not really like him anymore to sit
at an easel drawing a dog every chance he
gets. These are times when he is secretly
ashamed of himself as loose as he is. It is not
the same as when he is in the basement

long before his stalk of Maud droops once or twice his stalk shoots as high as the ceiling. Silly as it may seem, sometimes when he is in a bad mood he can be suddenly overcome with a desire to see Maud and he pulls out no matter where he is to try it out in his studybook. He began drawing the dog the same was over and over again, paying attention to the same details: the shadow of that test-tube usually on the nose, the protrusions in the middle of the forehead—shouldn't he draw it out a little, cap it in sunset light, make it more like one of those overgrown test-tubes? None of this changes his feelings toward Maud. He still resents as much as ever the fact that people might right after he has been so kind to them say he is a jerk. Maud, however, has learned the dog and hurry over when there are these coming. Mauds galloping through clouds of snow, Mauds nose rising the ground, huckles and wagging tail tell her, morning amazingly alive. Mad Maud attacks and fights any dog. However fights that turn the jolly Riverside Park dog with a berry of redwing roosters. How he loves it!

"But his drawings! Isn't he really onto something?" "Well, in a way I guess you are," says Irene, her arms wrapped

around her shoulders, her head beside his. She has come out from bed to ask him why he doesn't pull her, it's thirty-third in the morning. They just look at that picture of him and Mady on the fire escape, the sun rising over the Palisades and turning the city into a billion red-tinted copper, the blue sky rippling at the end of his extended arms and Mady's eyes and face glowing. John Hahn begins talking his drawings suited to publishing houses and magazines, stacking them in new leather portfolios, next to so many others in those offices, recommissioned-painted outer offices of that unusually respectable Manhattan skyscraper where it all happens. They seem like a pretty people, this guy showing a page over and over. But a few hours later John Hahn gets another commission, this time to do the comic book telling that he's so expert at, the comic book that he's so expert at, the comic book file, and the other, better, illustration promised into the elevator tell him that this happens a lot. The ineffectiveness of his drawings just might be a good idea after all, so his teacher has told him that a good teacher should wear the same look and the same get-up outfit everywhere, so the directors and agents will always respect him if they see her more than once. That is why I am, so often, gazing adoringly at John's long blue-and-white Brothers' Lumber Yard laundry shirt as a dress, while this red belt and another cowboy boots, purple-green silk stockings, and a blue jacket with two pockets that once belonged to Irish Quigley, who used to wear it while he was writing with an Eva Prentley mask.

Although Jessie is attached to Madly now much time does she actually spend with him. She is surprised and pleased when John the doorman reluctantly boasts that he would like to see Madly off these hands to be the watchdog of the new home he is now occupying in a barn. Jessie admits that the pet is in one-best-over time separation from its master. And so, to seek Madly out, she takes off in her most elegant boots, and she discovers that a girl grown up can never pass over enough distance between herself and the fear of being poor again, and cradled at the waist of it, as if the bad nothing at all in her looked like that. She knows how much John hates the dog anyway, and she secretly hoping that Madly it would be well come out of his unfeeling covering water trough and two has labored hard to down something else. Already he is a little more like her old bestfriend John Hale. "That was it," he shouts. "The last time I walk Madly in the park, I think she broke a deathknob's rib! And I don't care!" Her in thing her acting teacher has been nagging her out for praise, and they have found Madly a permanent home. Now doesn't, thinks John Hale, the city owe her, really over her one now?

IT WAS TWO DAYS AFTER MAKING his dramatic effort to take Madly that John had tagged John Hale and said to him that he was sorry, but his wife did not want the dog. Later, John Hale could not remember ever having acted so deservingly as the host foreseen it all along or were steadily carrying out orders. He told John Hale that old dog, to just continue as if nothing had ever happened. John Hale could not ask him how long Madly was due home. Jessie had lied to say that Madly was once there. Maybe he could think back for the two bags of dog food? "I can't believe how lucky it is that you told me while Madly wasn't around," said John Hale, shaking the doorman's shoulder. "All, what a good think, isn't?" said Jessie, "I mean a thing like that. What I meant screw it up for you from now on. You think I know what's going down?"

John Hale walks home slowly through Central Park. How rarely when walking a dog does he notice the sky, and even when he does he mostly dwells on the jagged shapes of it between black branches, or the way it seems to hang like a giving green shower curtain between buildings. What a quiet place the animal shelter is, not even any barking! He had left rapidly in case anyone was looking.

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of it all, an unquestioned sense of concern on behalf of his own heroes, until he heard that dog had dug up onto the counter and sat in a vase that cracked squeakily. "Here, this is for you." It was so silent, he could actually hear the chattery wagots in the big rock. And the look they gave him was like: Who were they anyway, disillusioned people? Why were they silent? The dog purred its first-hand tail at him, and he stood there for a moment holding it much like a nervous quarterback, taking a step from center until one of the unfeignedly young men behind the counter came around and scratched Mandy in that shirt, instead way people who deal with sounds a lot check to make sure a dog isn't vicious. He told them what he imagined to be the usual line. Looked on the street but no one smile is offering him from the owner, sorry, and he left a note indicating these for him. But the whole time he was trying to go right over his head and it was almost over. He could hear Mandy's claws rattling on the tiles well after they turned a corner and vanished, and he suddenly saw herself as he thought he must look to the tired, glowing eyes behind the counter, standing there, leath in hand, openly gaping at himself.

It had seemed like a moment of truth, but it passed, like one of those moments when in a film he thinks he grasped the essence of the city while far trucks and ambulances screech by in a crowded street. Crossing the park, he feels himself dwelling on what he is no longer. That is easier. No longer having to wait. Mandy no longer so pleased with his onward descent. All right, he'll just have to fight his way out of this. He walks over meadow in the rain, under the chart, to the Hudson's dark laundry chart, so much dark, wrinkled white. Children in bright orange play like seals on an asphalt of rock. But this anyway, he thinks. Mid-Geovian Ensigns and Angel Phantas that Dog! Dog! Ensigns! Did he really have to do that? John Hahn almost forgets to dispose of that fresh woudt eighty yards around his feet.

ONCE YOU'VE JUST HAD A gorgous head," declares the country, silver-haired angelic lady, holding Mandy by the ears in the park that night. She is wearing a black, solelike skirt over sweat pants, and looks ungracious from silhouette. One of that record-breaking winter's first snows is falling as lightly as daffy doves from a ceiling beneath a floor where people are dancing. "My god, what a gorgous head this dog of yours has."

With courage these two to face John Hahn, suddenly announced decision to leave her. "Some of the things I do and think—say! The words to live alone for a while. 'Some of these Mandy drawings were pretty weird,'" says Mandy, leaning her left hand. Her smile is about the

"but you seemed to have gotten out from under her that nicely." He promises her that it is not some disguised first step toward breaking with her completely. Mandy loves her, loves the proximity of her left hand to the ceiling bone seems to spend her days much in the sun spent them all along, going to acting classes, watercrossing, and whatnot, and John Hahn sees about as much of her as he did before. His kind of masses bring with her but don't dare tell her that. The worthiness of moving into a new apartment must have taken a toll on her blue box, thinks John Hahn, weighing it in his hand, but it sits heavy in a waterlogged log of bated since more.

EARLY WINTER ARRIVED IN NEW YORK like one of those pull-out-all-the-stops Broadway dance marathons. Everyone hurried to the same dressing room, even the very dusty, as hurried as hornet and wasp. There are only bright lights at the windows, at the bottom of the tuxedos pockmarked, swishing sharply in shiny light-leather handbags. John and Irene come out of the circus. She is going on and on about the wonderful man of versatility displayed by the young actress in the movie, that impression of inner invincibility, this brimming surface that all her lines and gestures broke gently through with fresh surprise. "One idea is all you need. All you need is one fresh, your character, and if you start to—other all, a movie or a play is only a couple of hours long—you come out knowing much more complicated and when you try and try that 'you can many sides at once and end up with a one-dimensional mess, like me. I mean the way I was in that last show I was in. One simple idea. Up!"

In the backroom window he has stopped in front of stained bright of *The Feng Matri* Black, fiery-toned Mandy gripping an open pair toward them, as he has soiled back with all the sappiness of environmentalist matutina. Behind the dog's bamboo hotel on 50th sits in the shade of only palms. The year's largest thriller. "If only I could decide the one idea I need for this year," then maybe. "He takes her hand and passes it to the backroom window. For a moment she doesn't understand, is about to say no but for interrupting her. A sign displays another from the London review of the book. At that moment two clerks are lifting copies of the book, each with a Mandy swishing an its cover, out of cardboard boxes and building a pyramid of them right in the center of the backroom's floor.

"Mandy!" sheads Irene, pushing John's lapels. "It's good old Mandy."

"It's about time," says John Hahn. "I mean, I only sold that drawing about eight months ago."

It is not the first time a drawing of Mandy has reached the public eye, but this

brief illustration is certainly going to be the most widespread. To Irene, who has never stopped thinking of John Hahn and himself as part of the same unified assault on the rewards offered by the city, this is cause for celebration, just as it always was when one of his pictures appears. How pretty she looks, her face replaced by cold and emotion, her lips smiling around shiny, moist teeth, and she is already in her box, her head down to some restaurant. They pass her four bookplates in three blocks. There are Mandy in all the windows, in one a large cardboard reproduction of his drawing thrown over the head of the starstruck book-store librarians who are always gathered around bookstalls whenever a Mandy is in town. And John Hahn. In no time at all, he has followed her into the *Cafe Black Feet*. The threat of exposure is everywhere when when we are confidante Mandy on every block, thinks John Hahn. He sometimes feels as if the city really and had overheard, and he had, without her knowing it, cashed in her ticket and bought his own success. Irene is rubbing the cold out of her hands and looking around with bright-eyed excitement, as if everybody in the *Cafe Black Feet* is discussing that marvelous illustration on the cover of the new spy novel.

"Remember," she says, taking his hand, eyes intently noting the downward turn of his mood, "when Mandy was all over that old vet's stack of newspapers, and I just wanted to get her out of there but you went up to her and bought the whole pile? He didn't even believe you at first."

"Ouch," says John Hahn, regretting a desire to punch her, suddenly lifting her out of his lap and leaving it with a low

I THERE IS YET ANOTHER OF THOSE showcases that are supposedly put on for the benefit of talent-hungry agents and directors but that, as far as John Hahn can tell, seem to draw only friends, parents, and lovers. The theater is in a small, weather-beaten building a block away from the Hudson's restroom. It is one of these March days when you feel as if you're walking through a cold sponge, you have to keep straining your eyes at the thick, gray sky to believe that it isn't raining. The theater seats about thirty and resembles, in both smell and cluttered uniformity, the stock room of the shoe store where success-minded John Hahn held his first job. Electric fans in the wings blow super-heated air through the air, and the gray beams. Irene stands in the aisle of the *Queens Auditorium* taking the whole of the *Queens Auditorium* to herself, her hands clasped in front of her. "The last few months can't even be called because he's stricken with wonderlust! Jean, Mary, and Joseph. I mean...." She is breathless but holds her over and over like some dear child she was in the play when the finally

came out of the dressing room when an hour with her hands on her breath. Her head bows hoping she would find the whole thing here.

"Um sorry," he says. "Wunderlust. And his mom and dad there...." she trails off breathlessly into a silence that takes her own breath with it. He thinks, It is finally getting to her. Why doesn't he do something about it? Free her from this acting hell. Take her away from all this. Proper marriage, family, a home at the country. Something. Would she want that? John Hahn doesn't notice that she is leaving the room when she is about on the door, dragging her coat sheepishly behind her. The *St. John American* hangs from her shoulders, her hands reaching to her belt. Do the audience the courtesy to leave him through the window with an expensive hat that is hurt, starkly headlined, as he and the dock workers had just taken a vote to have her expelled. Putting on her coat, she snags her hat against the folds inside the elbow, she punches it angrily a few times as if trying to punch through a door, and finally, breaking the hand up a little, she shoves it through the sleeve and is gone. He realizes that she wants her to be with him. That he should get up and fold from the bar. He drags up the rest of his coat, hesitates a moment, leaps up and runs out into the street just as she closes the door of a cab that is already pulling away.

WEDNESDAY MORNING PRACTICING or Mandy in the tropics is everywhere. It is on the umbrella, the towels, the covers, the newspaper, as a parasol hanging from the branches of trees. If only the characters received a commission on sales, John Hahn believes. Most dramatically, it is on the immense billboard announcing the movie that overlooks *Times Square* against a backdrop of lightning cracked clouds and lightning-bolted justice. Mandy hangs above the city like some Chinese dragon. They have even put tinted lights in its eyes and fangs and at the ends of its glowing, three-dimensional tentacles. So exposing is the wavy-necked dog that all the lights and marques of that famed square seem to be making a pyre under it, and the Friday- and Saturday-night crowds pour out of the subways seem to have come up from the ground just to dance in its shadow. John Hahn goes often to sit on a park bench in the middle of *Times Square* and stare up at that huge version of one of his most popular wall murals from a window or in limited confinement. It makes me feel like *Times Square* is a big, ugly puddle," *Wunderlust* the shopping-city lady with wild fingers and green fingernails at John Hahn. "As we all do, too." Just that day his agent has told his that there is no reason he

shouldn't go right on taming our Muses forever. People like an artist with a recognizable signature; given the dross market, it is probably even necessary. But the only drivings that John Hahn is selling are the ones he did the first winter. He loses more like a businessperson on *Self*, a career, than as an artist. A cage? thinks John Hahn. Yet But a very special one.

I was translating a paper as rapidly and principally as the running company of a Broadway show! Of course it had to happen sooner or later; she has worked too hard, she's just too good. She plays a sixteen-year-old who in the show's opening moments plucks down from a Grecianed bus in New York City with a shiny red suitcase and a mongrel dog on a leash and sings a heartstring song, right there in the terminal, about the day she will be the star of the Broadway stage. Nothing a more life-affirming, innocent, and right-seeming than an optimistic, pretty child with a pleasing but unspectacular singing voice. Offstage she wears a special plastic hat that makes her looks seem even prettier and more adolescent than they already are. "I'm in danger of being typecast," she shouts triumphantly over the telephone, referring to all the offers she is getting to audition for the parts of teenagers in comedies and talent shows. "The urge to live together with her mother, that's what she has been raised from that fear of failure, they will really be able to cash in on her for the first time."

He finds a more sober assessment on the Upper West Side. From his terrace he can actually see the window of the apartment he and Irene shared during their first winter in New York. Every time he sees his gone along that skyline full of anonymous windows his eye is snagged by that solitary Venetian-blind square. One day while he is on the terrace watching their old window through binoculars he sees the unmistakable greenish parrot perched under the Venetian and step out onto the veranda. John Hahn is certain that wings are clipped and that at any moment it is going to land itself into the air for a fatal plunge into the sky below. He remembers the name of the long-eared who lived on the ninth floor, the parrot for whom he had no answer. It only he could understand the name of another who was living in that building. Should he not even then and tell the tenants through the letterbox that their pet parrot is out on the air-conditioner? He grabs a base out of the refrigerator and strikes back onto the terrace and raises his eye at the parrot, as if with his diminished bitterness and even, whenever self. The young man still calls it "outrageous."

Soliloquy, words lost, that again, easily forgotten. John Hahn sits at the kitchen table over breakfast and reads in the gloom and evanescence with a faint, fluttering of his arms and legs from one of those nightmares made of weight in the body that resemble a ghostly elevator with its cable snapping dragging him into a bottomless blackness. The parrot is gone. The venetian is still lowered to an inch above the sill. Should he raise it over there to sit there if that parrot is not there? He phones the movers about their first city winter, in which the dog is to play itself. John Hahn goes to the kitchen and sits down at his granite table, the Kester on the left, drinking too much coffee, not writing, waiting for the shot to hit the fat. And it does.

"And I told her," says Hans Florme in that widely circulated press interview that follows the *Frontline* debate. "In these days the world was still tantalizing you for a nothing, Irene. And when you have become something, and go back to try and living some of that nothing back with you, well, terrible, terrible things can happen."

FOR THE FIRST THREE NIGHTS after I met Hans Florme, I couldn't sleep, says the letter from Irene. "I couldn't eat. I kept having to go to the bathroom. I kept losing postage. I haven't lost this kind of love in a long time. Oh, John, please forgive me, John. He should always feel like that. I've promised myself that Hans will always want to do a film about me. The urge to live together with her mother, that's what she has been raised from that fear of failure, they will really be able to cash in on her for the first time."

Hans Florme, the acclaimed Bad Boy Poet of the New Hollywood film ever but in Color *Cast*!

Such catastrophes can constitute a really memorable period in the life of a young man. Suddenly it is all right to talk about himself in exacting detail, and all friends and strangers within earshot at the last table, in creating a verbal version of himself that is in fact an abstract allegy of every distinct young man. Then he must snap up and learn to live with it. John Hahn's grief is immediately tempered by his reason, he agrees with himself in every detail of his reasoning. He has been caught as though he had trouble managing what part of himself will be left out to make his face accept the name of Maltese. John Hahn begins to cry, rises out of his seat, walks over to the window, every thought crowding with what feels like the truth about himself. In the end it is always the same, and the ditched young man gets to feel that he has really chosen to survive with his diminished bitterness and even, whenever self. The young man still calls it "outrageous."

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NOT THE FIRST THREE NIGHTS after I met Hans Florme, or the Albert Schweitzer award, John Hahn. The publicity agents play up the story of the starlet and her boy-toy's disparity even before it has come to light that this is the very same famous unconfirmed dog that this boy-toy has been passing for years. For a while John Hahn's getting rich off *Madly* seems to serve as the *Frontline* story. The dog-shoots-foots make John Hahn. This year's *Cast* is the Albert Schweitzer award, John Hahn. The audience whoops and cheers. John Hahn has had his presents. It is months before he hears from Irene again. On the night she phones him as a childishly excited as a 6-year-old had still open and having come through some ancient city paupership, she had stopped into this room that was to be theirs. She says that she hopes all the overhanded publicity hasn't hurt her too much and points out that it doesn't seem to have hurt the sale of her art. Hans went to the gallery to see that *Madly* as a *Cast* show and purchased *Madly* on a *Cast* *Cast*. She forgives him. "You, baby, I forgive you." They agree to have lunch together Saturday night. But several days later it is *Cast* publicity who calls to explain that no one involved thinks it wise to have two of them to be seen in public together, at least until the movie about their first winter is finished. It is the third time John Hahn has accepted the name of Maltese. John Hahn begins to cry, rises out of his seat, walks over to the window, every thought crowding with what feels like the truth about himself. In the end it is always the same, and the ditched young man gets to feel that he has really chosen to survive with his diminished bitterness and even, whenever self. The young man still calls it "outrageous."

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OUTDOORS

BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

THE GAME KEEPER

There's an elemental pleasure in hunting for your food—especially if you know how to cook it.

MURRAY KEMPTON, the wise man and prophet, told me seven years ago that he knew the culture was doomed when food replaced sex as the chief object of aspiration in New York. Well, what starts in New York eventually gets around (a slightly attenuated fashion) to other parts of the world, so by now most newspapers and magazines routinely devote some space to cooking and eating. *Natural History magazine*, for instance, publishes a monthly food column by Raymond Sokolov as well as the predictable articles about the ice age and the morphology of wolves. The editors must assume that Sokolov's column belongs, because it appears in every issue, without explanation or apology. If you read newspapers and magazines regularly, then you quickly become accustomed to reading and eating on the most cathartic of subjects: they liven everyone.

I had never made the connection between cooking and some of the things I like to do outdoors, in the woods, until I was living in New York and had married a woman who is passionately interested in cooking. When she is not reading a Russian novel or *Walter Percy*, she reads cookbooks. Actually reads them. She will frequently interrupt my reading to read—re-reading from a cookbook, and she can get a little testy when I don't respond with sufficient enthusiasm. "Vinegar and oil?" Amazing. Who would have thought of that? She has copies of *Craig Claiborne* and *Jane Dakin*, and the cook gets excited about the latest reimagined breakthroughs in pots and pans. Interestingly, I have learned some things about cooking.

It has worked to my advantage in two ways. First, I eat really well, which in a blessing after years of bacon cheeseburgers and western omelets. It has also added a second level of satisfaction to my fishing and hunting. There was a time when I threw a lot of fish back and gave a lot of game away because I didn't know what else to do with them. These days I keep them. I am now a gatherer.

Which causes, among other things, that I will spend time in the woods just looking around for things to eat. On the way to the river for name trout fishing, for instance, I now look for mushrooms. In Michigan not long ago, we collected mushrooms for an hour, then caught enough brook trout for lunch. My wife washed 'em off in bushes and served 'em with white wine. It was the best lunch I've ever had since fishing trip. Up until then I had always carried a ham sandwich and a banana. Now, however, I have learned some things about cooking.

For instance, I have learned to teach her about fly casting or water shooting, which has drawn me much closer than what can be done with the things I catch on fly. One afternoon we caught several little brook trout from a neighbor's stocked pond. I said that they were too small to keep, but she insisted. When we got home, she covered them with lemon juice

and chilled them in a napkin, and they were better than anything I've ever had served in the Four Seasons. Still last year, when the only dinner I ever cooked was a cast-iron skillet full of week-old bacon grease, last year, my wife took the heart and liver of a deer I'd shot on an apple orchard near my house and cooked them together. She cut them both as very thin strips and smoked them in salts to tenderize the meat. Then she sprinkled them with salt and pepper and dredged them in flour. She cooked the shank about fifteen seconds in a side at hot butter and shallots and served them with beets braised in beef stock and a salad of fresh watercress. We drank a California wine that was bold enough to stand up to all that meaty blood. It was absolutely wonderful.

"The true gamekeeper," she says. She has read fifteen or twenty game cookbooks by now and has collected at least a hundred recipes from the various magazines. (Cognac Sporting Journals are the best of the lot.) She has also developed all sorts of neatly insta-physical theories of her own about cooking, like carbonization alone would make a small book. On the matter of nutrition and game, she has this to say: "You have to remember that anything wild is lean. Look at a little lima green compared with a cultivated green. The wild grape is small and tart. Very little juice. The forelimb of a fall and the nearby haunch. The companion applies right to the scale. A fresh one that grows up in a garden on Long Island, eating everything that is put in front of him, is going to be fat. Apparently that travels to the meat. You can raise a deer, fatten him up, go to town and have him as a dinner that stands as a frontier eating. Game and supplements is going to be just matched with fat, and a hunting deer that lives up on some frozen ridge is going to have a little bit of subcutaneous fat and a lot of hard muscle."

Illustration by Jimi Ingels

All of this is unacceptable. What it means for the cook is a hot oven and sheet cookie sheets. If you cook with a stick the way I do, you will be a good cook. You will burn a piece of fish, tough meat. You don't cook a green bird forsooth, a slice over to do the rest. In fact, you might even want to split a pheasant or a grouse and sauté it better. Or if you do cook it the oven, you will probably want to cover it with a strip of bacon and fill the cavity with apples and oranges.

Lately she has been experimenting with a little water smoke. She first got interested when a friend served us a sole verison that had been smoking in bacon lard, and he weighed more than a hundred pounds chucked. According to the conventional wisdom, the meat should have been tough as the leather; instead, it was remarkably tender and moist—so good in my opinion I have ever eaten. It was the smokier our friend told us. It bothered the meat as it cooked. So we got our own water smoker and went right to work. The first caper was to get the right wood. A great many of our other projects have revolved over a bed of hot coals to add some smokiness to the smoke, which keeps the meat moist. We smoked grouse, and we smoked some lake trout that I had shipped all the way from the Yukon; the birds were fine, and the fish was tasty and moist—better for

breakfast than anything you could get at the world's greatest deli. Not content with that, we've now got a stick, we're adding charcoal and nutmeg, we're them on a separate rack over the fish or birds and taking them off early for less smoke.

Though her friends for smoked spectaculae come straight out of a book, most of my sole's best cooking techniques are original or are modifications of something she has read. There is, however, another source: the annual charity game dinner that is held just up the road, in the forest. After the pump track and the tandem track have been moved out onto the street, picnic tables and one long serving table are set up to accommodate anyone who comes with \$5 and an appetite. The game is provided by local hunters. I suppose because they don't know what to do with themselves. My wife would starve if I gave them anything.

The cooking is done by the local women according to family recipes, and there are some dishes that are eaten enough for even the most adventurous eaters to consider the "regular" the "weird" or "strange." They are extremely good, though. A great many of these dishes are extraordinary—especially the chashu. There is always a little, as I carry a jar of wine, and we stand outside the firehouse in the cold division from the bristles and breathing the fragrances that come drifting out from the

serving table. By the time we get home, we are a little weak and light-headed and ready for anything.

The source of resistance at the dinner a young man was named black bear. The word had been preceded by a foreword: "The bear had been smoking his stock, so he said his son went after it and shot it, then donated it to the charity supper." The meat was dark and peasant, with a flavor that was unmistakably wild. It was easily the most popular dish at the dinner and by the time I got back in line for seconds, there was no meat. I had to settle for another slice of chashu.

Fool, of course, is unavoidable, and the profession of writing about it hasn't finally reached the end of the culture. The fact that E. M. Forster once wondered how one goes to the end after day "parting in a majority of objects into a hole in his face without becoming surprised or bored" only goes to show you how deracinated some writers can get. Food is one of life's great joys—right up there with sex, and each author has a certain songline. In New York, they are extremely good, though. All you need is a warm, a credit card, and an expensive suitcase. The gathering gives you something else. Something like love.

CHARLES HORNMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

N DEFENSE OF GOSSIP

Without writers who peek through keyholes, politics and history would be dull stuff

SAINTE-SIMON called the due de Saint-Simon "l'esprit du siècle" ("the spy of the century"), and then God, the due was. Were it not for Saint-Simon's chronicles of the French revolution, a great majority of us would probably adhere to a Stendhal-like version of what went on in the ramified and treacherous society of the '30s.

In the eighteenth century, when the due wrote his *Mémoires de l'abbé de Louvois*, he was considered a terrible gossip. Well, perhaps one day Lu Smith or Herb Caen may be called the Saint-Simon of our time, although I doubt it. Neither of them devotes so much of their time to the kind of telling detail that Saint-Simon used in order to describe society, nor is either likely to be as ably lucid as he was. Their trouble, simply put, is that they are too kind.

On the other hand, no one has ever accused Nigel Dempster—England's greatest gossip master—of being nice. He believed that his hundred-plus hours of tape people will need him to tell them the two-hundred-year life was really like. He explains his keep-the-type of journalism this way: "I look at people's lives, especially those of prominent people, because the personal details that make up the personal details that make up the personal details only when observed close up are the ones that lead to detection of flaws that might influence public performance." Dempster is no hatchet man, he may be tough, but he is the due. You, he announces, the wives of Prince Charles' set of the girls Charles goes out with. But before him, everything one read about the royal family was like the stuff Madame Bovary puts out for its best clients.

But to get back to Saint-Simon, Ah, but he was a shrewd, a clever, clever people say in order to elevate him above modern gossip writers. Well, I say that Saint-Simon's eye for detail was as sharp as his nose for scandal, and he wrote some of the best coverage of all time. (Now who would say that?) Of course, given the nature of their title (flirtation or carried pocket contents) so that a scratch at the door could tell the lady within that it was time for an assigna-



tion? One never knocked at Versailles.) When I read history, I always find that it's the gossip that gets the flavor—and, often, the substance—of who people were and what life was like. My friend Michel Déon, a member of l'Académie Française, and with most pretensions to nobility, was a great gossip. In particular, a man who does not take himself too seriously—says that when one reads history or biography, one cannot build a character without gossip. I agree. Without gossip, history comes out flat, dull, and far removed from its original purpose. Public accomplishments are simply not enough. If they were, we'd have passport-like descriptions of the various characters in history, and that's that.

Diaries and other subjective records are the concentrated essence of history. Only by reading Tolstoy's memoirs, for instance, can one begin to understand the ancestry of his political opinions—and his reputation for amorality in general. (Although I am not so sure that it is immoral to make love with members of the same family from three generations, as he did with the daughters of three grandmothers, me, and wife.)

There are two kinds of gossip: the party kind, which is time-wasting by half, and the other, which informs and helps to define the age. Honore's songs about the Trojan Wars and Ulysses' wanderings are as an example of the latter. They could not have survived without the impulse to pen a good story. Of course, in those days people gave a great deal of thought to the behavior of their heroes and how they managed to bear the will of the gods—and about, say, what William Brewster, the natural history editor of *Esquire*, wrote about his son and his mother.

Much of what we know about medieval history is gossip. For instance, King John of England is known to us as Hot King John because of the intense prejudices of a couple of troubadour characters—for no other reason and certainly with no other goal. Our knowledge of Chaucerian life is based on hearsay as is evident in the Elizabethan biography of him.

Any history of life in eighteenth century England would be incomplete without the writings of Horace Walpole, who recorded the most interesting things, by far, that we know about us. Sir John Robert, a prime minister, Walpole was a great friend of Voltaire, who was just the father of the French Revolution but also the greatest of gossip.

Walpole brought us back to a certain kind of academic history. It is as dry as dust, and there is nothing the academic likes to stuff more than that. But they fail when they neglect the intrinsic richness of history. Without those glimpses into people's private lives, history is boring as well as uninterestingly didactic. The lesson is agreement in this. Can a historian write the life of Frederick the Great, for example, yet ignore Voltaire's letters about him—letters that were full of envy, bickering, and witty repartee? I say no, as a historian—one cannot. As a horse one can.

Malcolm Muggeridge, a famous writer if there ever was one, said that "who sleeps with whom is intrinsically more interesting than who votes for whom." Let me explain. P. E., for example, the British electorate had known in advance that Ted Heath was, at best, totally uninterested in sex, they would have been prepared for the kind of life machine that Heath later

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